

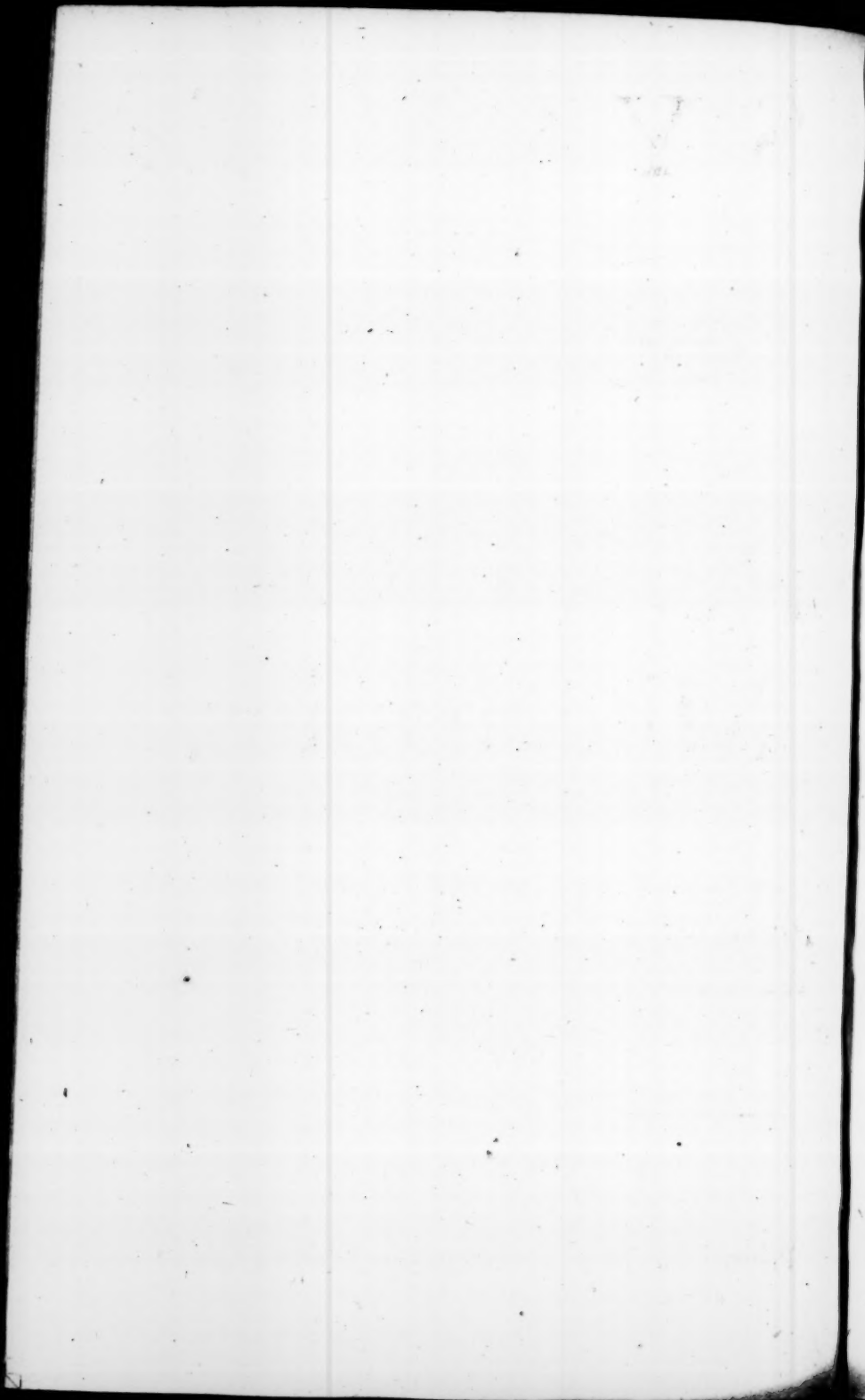
S Y L V Æ:
O R, T H E
Second Part
O F
POETICAL
Miscellanies.

— *Non deficit alter*
Aureus; & simili frondescit virga metallo. Virg.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges-Head in
Chancery-Lane near Fleetstreet, 1692.



PREFACE.

FOr this last half Tear I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of Translation; the cold Prose fits of it, (which are always the most tedious with me) were spent in the History of the League; the hot, (which succeeded them) in this Volume of Verse Miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to my self a kind of ease in the change of the Paroxysm; never suspecting but that the humour wou'd have wasted it self in two or three Pastorals of Theocritus, and as many Odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them, than my ordinary productions, I encourag'd my self to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fix'd upon some parts of them which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natura! Impulses for the undertaking: But there was an accidental motive, which was full as forcible, and God forgive him who was the occasion of it. It was my Lord Roscomon's Essay on translated Verse, which made me uneasie till I try'd whether or no I was capable of following his Rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair Precept in Poetry, is like a seeming Demonstration in the Mathematicks; very specious in

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the Diagram, but failing in the Mechanick Operation. I think I have generally observ'd his instructions; I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinc'd both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity than to pretend that I have at least in some places made Examples to his Rules. Yet withal, I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my Commission; for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my Authors, as no Dutch Commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have thought that I discover'd some beauty yet undiscover'd by those Pedants, which none but a Poet could have found. Where I have taken away some of their Expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, would not appear so shining in the English: And where I have enlarg'd them, I desire the false Criticks would not always think that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduc'd from him: or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Englishman, they are such, as he would probably have written.

For, after all, a Translator is to make his Author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his Character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of Drawing after the Life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the Out-lines true, the Features like,
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the Proportions exact, the Colouring it self perhaps tolerable, and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the Spirit which animates the whole. I cannot without some indignation, look on an ill Copy of an excellent Original: Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my Life to imitate, so abus'd, as I may say to their Faces by a botching Interpreter. What English Readers unacquainted with Greek or Latin will believe me or any other Man. when we commend those Authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their Fountains, if they take those to be the same Poets, whom our Ogleby's have Translated? But I dare assure them, that a good Poet is no more like himself, in a dull Translation, than his Carcass would be to his living Body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their Mother Tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few; 'tis impossible even for a good Wit, to understand and practice them without the help of a liberal Education, long Reading, and digesting of those few good Authors we have amongst us, the knowledge of Men and Manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both Sexes; and in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of Learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good Writers from bad, and a proper stile from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good Author, from that which is

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vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young Men, take up some cry'd-up English Poet for their Model, adore him, and imitate him as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is Boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his Subject, or his Expressions unworthy of his Thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary that a Man should be a nice Critick in his Mother Tongue, before he attempts to Translate a foreign Language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to Judge of Words and Stile; but he must be a Master of them too: He must perfectly understand his Authors Tongue, and absolutely command his own: So that to be a thorow Translatour, he must be a thorow Poet. Neither is it enough to give his Authors sence, in good English, in Poetical expressions, and in Musical numbers: For, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and 'tis a secret of which few Translatours have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the Character of an Author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual Poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the Style and Versification of Virgil and Ovid, art very different: Yet I see, even in our best Poets, who have Translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several Talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of Numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did

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not know the Originals, I shou'd never be able to Judge by the Copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble Painter, that he drew many graceful Pictures, but few of them were like. And this happen'd to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sate to him. In such Translatours I can easily distinguish the hand which perform'd the Work, but I cannot distinguish their Poet from another. Suppose two Authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of Sugar, and that of Honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you, (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my Translations out of four several Poets in this Volume; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I consider'd, the Genius and distinguishing Character of my Author. I look'd on Virgil, as a succinct and grave Majestick Writer; one who weigh'd not only every thought, but every Word and Syllable. Who was still aiming to crowd his sence into as narrow a compass as possibly he cou'd; for which reason he is so very Figurative, that he requires, (I may almost say) a Grammar apart to construe him. His Verse is every where sounding the very thing in your Ears, whose sence it bears: Yet the Numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the Reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in Styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of Musick in their Verses. All the versification,

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and little variety of Claudian, is included within the compass of four or five Lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sence at the end of a Verse, and that Verse commonly which they call golden, or two Substantives and two Adjectives with a Verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid with all his sweetness, has as little variety of Numbers and sound as he: He is always as it were upon the Hand-gallop, and his Verse runs upon Carpet ground. He avoids like the other all Synalæpha's, or cutting off one Vowel when it comes before another, in the following word: So that minding only smoothness, he wants both Variety and Majesty. But to return to Virgil, though he is smooth where smoothness is requir'd, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it. Frequently makes use of Synalæpha's, and concludes his sence in the middle of his Verse. He is every where above concepts of Epigrammatick Wit, and gross Hyperboles: He maintains Majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of Poetical Wit from my particular consideration of him: For propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil, I particularly regarded, as a great part of his Character; but must confess to my shame, that I have not been able to Translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself. For where the
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Original is close, no Version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's in the Italian, is the nearest, the most Poetical, and the most Sonorous of any Translation of the Æneids; yet, though he takes the advantage of blank Verse, he commonly allows two Lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sence. Tasso tells us in his Letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian Wit, who was his Contemporary, observ'd of Virgil and Tully; that the Latin Oratour, endeavour'd to imitate the Copiousness of Homer the Greek Poet; and that the Latin Poet, made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes the Greek Oratour. Virgil therefore being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagin'd by the Reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern Tongue: To make him Copious is to alter his Character; and to Translate him Line for Line is impossible; because the Latin is naturally a more succinct Language, than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, (which by reason of its Monosyllables is far the most compendious of them) Virgil is much the closest of any Roman Poet, and the Latin Hexameter, has more Feet than the English Heroick.

Besides all this, an Author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a Translatour has not; he is confin'd by the sence of the Inventor to those expressions, which are the nearest to it: So that Virgil studying brevity, and having the command of his own Language, cou'd bring those words into a narrow compass, which a Translatour cannot render without Circumlocutions. In short they who have call'd him the
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torture of Grammarians, might also have call'd him the plague of Translatours ; for he seems to have studied not to be Translated. I own that endeavouring to turn his Nisus and Euryalus as close as I was able; I have perform'd that Episode too literally; that giving more scope to Mezentius and Lausus, that Version which has more of the Majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for my self, is only that I have done both, better than Ogleby, and perhaps as well as Caro. So, that methinks I come like a Malefactor, to make a Speech upon the Gallows, and to warn all other Poets, by my sad example, from the Sacrilege of Translating Virgil. Yet, by considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better; but never so well, as to have satisfied my self.

He who excells all other Poets in his own Language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our Tongue, which, as my Lord Roscomon justly observes approaches nearest to the Roman in its Majesty: Nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty, which gives so unexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force; this Diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be Copied, and since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best Translation. The turns of his Verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our Language,

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guage, and the hastiness of my performance wou'd allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sence; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduc'd from him; and where I leave his Commentators, it may be I understand him better: At least I Writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular Lines in Mezentius and Lausus, I cannot so easily excuse; they are indeed remotely ally'd to Virgils sence; but they are too like the trifling tenderness of Ovid; and were Printed before I had consider'd them enough to alter them: The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the Copy is at the Press: The second is this;

—When Lausus dy'd, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough at first sight, but I am convinc'd for many reasons, that the expression is too bold, that Virgil wou'd not have said it, though Ovid wou'd. The Reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two Lines which are more according to the Author,

Nor ask I Life, nor fought with that design;
As I had us'd my Fortune, use thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have Translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman Poetry, he was at least
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of that which preceded it ; and he himself refin'd it to that degree of perfection, both in the Language and the thoughts, that he left an easie task to Virgil ; who as he succeeded him in time, so he Copy'd his excellencies : for the method of the Georgicks is plainly deriv'd from him. Lucretius had chosen a Subject naturally crabbed ; he therefore adorn'd it with Poetical descriptions, and Precepts of Morality, in the beginning and ending of his Books. Which you see Virgil has imitated with great success, in those four Books, which in my Opinion are more perfect in their kind, than even his Divine Æneids. The turn of his Verse he has likewise follow'd, in those places which Lucretius has most labour'd, and some of his very Lines he has transplanted into his own Works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing Character of Lucretius ; (I mean of his Soul and Genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his Opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command not only over his vulgar Reader, but even his Patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the Rod over him ; and using a Magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our Poet and Philosopher of Malmsbury. This is that perpetual Dictatorship, which is exercis'd by Lucretius ; who though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bonâ fide* with his Reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks ; in which plain sincerity, I believe he differs from our Hobbs, who cou'd not but be convinc'd,

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or at least doubt of some eternal Truths which he has oppos'd. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of Replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is before hand with his Antagonists; Urging for them, whatever he imagin'd they cou'd say, and leaving them as he supposes, without an objection for the future. All this too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assur'd of the Triumph, before he enter'd into the Lists. From this sublime and daring Genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be Masculine, full of Argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his Expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his Verse, where the barrenness of his Subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his Fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he cou'd have been every where as Poetical, as he is in his Descriptions, and in the Moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aim'd more to instruct in his Systeme of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a Materialist, and teaching him to defie an invincible power: In short, he was so much an Atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a Poet. These are the considerations which I had of that Author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I lay'd by my natural Diffidence and Scepticism for a while, to take up that Dogmatical way of his, which as I said, is so much his Character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his Opinions concerning the mortality of the Soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot if I wou'd believe them.

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them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural Arguments; at least to take away rewards and punishments, is only a pleasing prospect to a Man, who resolves before hand not to live morally. But on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burden unsupportable to a virtuous Man, even though a Heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confin'd to the shortness of our present Being, especially when we consider that virtue is generally unhappy in this World, and vice fortunate. So that 'tis hope of Futurity alone, that makes this Life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who wou'd not commit all the excesses to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead! if he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the Laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him: For Fame and Reputation are weak ties; many men have not the least sence of them: Powerful men are only aw'd by them, as they conduce to their interest, and that not always when a passion is predominant; and no Man will be contain'd within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entring into the Notions of our Christian Faith, which is the proper business of Divines.

But there are other Arguments in this Poem (which I have turn'd into English,) not belonging to the Mortality of the Soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable Man, to make him less in love with Life, and consequently in less apprehensions of Death.

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Such as are the natural Satiety, proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible and useless to others; these and many other reasons so pathetically urg'd, so beautifully express'd, so adorn'd with examples, and so admirably rais'd by the Prosopopeia of Nature, who is brought in speaking to her Children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my Author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleas'd with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me, and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review, of any thing I have done in this Author.

'Tis true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my Englishing the Nature of Love, from the Fourth Book of Lucretius: And I can less easily answer why I Translated it, than why I thus Translated it. The Objection arises from the Obscenity of the Subject; which is aggravated by the too lively, and alluring delicacy of the Verses. In the first place, without the least Formality of an excuse, I own it pleas'd me: and let my Enemies make the worst they can of this Confession; I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my Authors Antidotes against it. He has given the truest and most Philosophical account both of the Disease and Remedy, which I ever found in any Author: For which reasons I Translated him.

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him. But it will be ask'd why I turn'd him into this luscious English, (for I will not give it a worse word :) instead of an Answer, I wou'd ask again of my Supercilious Adversaries, whether I am not bound when I Translate an Author, to do him all the right I can, and to translate him to the best advantage? If to mince his meaning, which I am satisfi'd was honest and instructive, I had either omitted some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his expression, I certainly had wrong'd him; and that freeness of thought and words, being thus cashier'd in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, Physicians must not study Nature, Anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I cou'd say of particular passages in Books, which to avoid prophaneſs I do not name: But the intention qualifies the act; and both mine and my Authors were to instruct as well as please. 'Tis most certain that barefac'd Bawdery is the poorest pretence to wit imaginable: If I shou'd say otherwise, I shou'd have two great Authorities against me: The one is the Essay on Poetry, which I publickly valued before I knew the Author of it, and with the commendation of which, my Lord Roscomon so happily begins his Essay on Translated Verse: The other is no less than our admir'd Cowley; who says the same thing in other words: For in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it;

Much less can that have any place
At which a Virgin hides her Face:

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Such dross the fire must purge away ; 'tis just
The Author blush, there where the Reader must.

Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the Essay ; for he asserts plainly that obscenity has no place in Wit ; the other only says, 'tis a poor pretence to it, or an ill sort of Wit, which has nothing more to support it than bare-fac'd Ribaldry ; which is both unmannerly in it self, and fulsome to the Reader. But neither of these will reach my case : For in the first place, I am only the Translatour, not the Inventor ; so that the heaviest part of the censure falls upon Lucretius, before it reaches me : In the next place, neither he nor I have us'd the grossest words ; but the cleanliest Metaphors we cou'd find, to palliate the broadness of the meaning ; and to conclude, have carried the Poetical part no farther, than the Philosophical exacted. There is one mistake of mine which I will not lay to the Printers charge, who has enough to answer for in false pointings : 'Tis in the word Viper : I wou'd have the Verse run thus,

The Scorpion, Love, must on the wound be
bruish'd.

There are a sort of blundering half witted people, who make a great deal of noise about a Verbal slip ; though Horace wou'd instruct them better in true Criticism ; Non ego paucis offendor maculis quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura. True Judgment in Poetry, like that in Painting, takes a view of the
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whole together, whether it be good or not; and where the beauties are more than the Faults, concludes for the Poet against the little Judge; 'tis a sign that malice is hard driven, when 'tis forc'd to lay hold on a Word or Syllable; to arraign a Man is one thing, and to cavil at him is another. In the midst of an ill natur'd Generation of Scriblers, there is always Justice enough left in Mankind, to protect good Writers: And they too are oblig'd, both by humanity and interest, to espouse each others cause, against false Criticks, who are the common Enemies. This last consideration puts me in mind of what I owe to the Ingenious and Learned Translatour of Lucretius; I have not here design'd to rob him of any part of that commendation, which he has so justly acquir'd by the whole Author, whose Fragments only fall to my Portion. What I have now perform'd, is no more than I intended above twenty years ago: The ways of our Translation are very different; he follows him more closely than I have done; which became an Interpreter of the whole Poem. I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he us'd my method in so long a work, and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to Translate the whole. The preference then is justly his; and I joyn with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him; that his Reputation is already established in this Poet, mine is to make its Fortune in the World. If I have been any where obscure, in following our common Author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemn'd, I refer my self to his excellent Annotations,

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Annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My Preface begins already to swell upon me, and looks as if I were afraid of my Reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him; and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek Gentleman shall quickly be dispatch'd, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions; and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a Pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes: he shows his Art and Learning by disguising both. His Shepherds never rise above their Country Education in their complaints of Love: There is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is betwixt Tasso's Aminta, and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's Shepherds are too well read in the Philosophy of Epicurus and of Plato; and Guarini's seem to have been bred in Courts. But Theocritus and Tasso, have taken theirs from Cottages and Plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, Maino del Bosco: That he never departed from the Woods, that is, all his Comparisons were taken from the Country: The same may be said, of our Theocritus; he is softer than Ovid, he touches the passions more delicately; and performs all this out of his own Fond, without diving into the Arts and Sciences for a supply. Even his Dorick Dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its Clownishness, like a fair Shepherdess in her Country Ruffet, talking in a Yorkshire

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shire Tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate; because the severity of the Roman Language denied him that advantage. Spencer has endeavour'd it in his Shepherds Calender; but neither will it succeed in English, for which reason I forbore to attempt it, For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who spoke that Dialect; and I direct this part of my Translations to our Ladies, who neither understand, nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be consider'd in his three different Talents, as he was a Critick, a Satyrift, and a Writer of Odes. His Morals are uniform, and run through all of them; For let his Dutch Commentatours say what they will, his Philosophy was Epicurean; and he made use of Gods and Providence, only to serve a turn in Poetry. But since neither his Criticisms (which are the most instructive of any that are written in this Art) nor his Satyrs (which are incomparably beyond Juvenals, if to laugh and rally, is to be prefer'd to railing and declaiming,) are no part of my present undertaking, I confine my self wholly to his Odes: These are also of several sorts; some of them are Panegyricall, others Moral, the rest Jovial, or (if I may so call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his Subject with almost imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his Master. But Horace is of the more bounded Fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of Verse, or Stanza in every Ode. That which will distinguish his Style from all other Poets, is the Elegance of his Words, and the numerousness

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roufness of his Verse; there is nothing so delicately turn'd in all the Roman Language. There appears in every part of his Diction, or, (to speak English) in all his Expressions, a kind of noble and bold Purity. His Words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgils; but there seems to be a greater Spirit in them. There is a secret Happiness attends his Choice, which in Petronius is call'd *Curiola Felicitas*, and which I suppose he had from the *Feliciter audere* of Horace himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his Character, seems to me, to be his Briskness, his Jollity, and his good Humour: And those I have chiefly endeavour'd to Copy; his other Excellencies, I confess are above my Imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleas'd me in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindarique Verse: 'Tis that which is incrib'd to the present Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular Obligations, which this small Testimony of my Gratitude can never pay. 'Tis his Darling in the Latin, and I have taken some pains to make it my Master-Piece in English: For which reason, I took this kind of Verse, which allows more Latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduc'd into our Language, in this Age, by the happy Genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming easiness of it, has made it spread; but it has not been consider'd enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, (whom to keep the rest in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near Perfection as was possible in so short a time. But if I may be allow'd to speak my

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Mind modestly, and without Injury to his sacred Ashes, somewhat of the Purity of English, somewhat of more equal Thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the Numbers, in one Word, somewhat of a finer turn and more Lyrical Verse is yet wanting. As for the Soul of it, which consists in the Warmth and Vigour of Fancy, the masterly Figures, and the copiousness of Imagination, he has excell'd all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind it self be capable of more Perfection, though rather in the Ornamental parts of it, than the Essential, what Rules of Morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deserve to be Models in all they write. Milton's Paradise Lost is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats amongst his Elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along sometimes, for above an Hundred lines together? cannot I admire the height of his Invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? 'Tis as much commendation as a Man can bear, to own him excellent; all beyond it is Idolatry. Since Pindar was the Prince of Lyrick Poets; let me have leave to say, that in imitating him, our numbers shou'd for the most part be Lyrical: For variety, or rather where the Majesty of the thought requires it, they may be stretch'd to the English Heroick of five Feet, and to the French Alexandrine of Six. But the ear must preside, and direct the Judgment to the choice of numbers: Without the nicety of this, the Harmony of Pindarick Verse

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Verse can never be compleat; the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows; without leaping from one extream into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a Picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad if I have so explain'd my self as to be understood, but if I have not, quod nequeo dicere & sentio tantum, must be my excuse. There remains much more to be said on this subject; but to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general Opinion of the best Judges, and in a manner has been forc'd from me, by seeing a noble sort of Poetry so happily restor'd by one Man, and so grossly copied, by almost all the rest: A musical ear, and a great genius, if another Mr. Cowley cou'd arise, in another Age may bring it to perfection In the mean time,

——Fungar vice cotis acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, expers ipsa secandi.

I hope it will not be expected from me, that I shou'd say any thing of my fellow undertakers in this Miscellany. Some of them are too nearly related to me, to be commended without suspicion of partiality: Others I am sure need it not; and the rest I have not perus'd. To conclude, I am sensible that I have written this too hastily and too loosely; I fear I have been tedious, and which is worse, it comes out from the first draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no excuse; for it may be reasonably urg'd, why did he not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not

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(which was certainly my case) why did he attempt to write on so nice a subject? The objection is unanswerable, but in part of recompence, let me assure the Reader, that in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an Author's present sence, which cooler thoughts wou'd possibly have disguis'd. There is undoubtedly more of spirit, though not of judgment in these uncorrect Essays, and consequently though my hazard be the greater, yet the Readers pleasure is not the less.

John Dryden.

A

A
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OF THE
POEMS,

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T H E



The entire *Episode* of *Nisus* and
Euryalus, Translated from
 the 5th and 9th Books of *Vir-*
gil's Æneids.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

Connection of the First Part of the *Epi-*
sode in the fifth Book, with the rest
 of the foregoing Poem.

Æneas having buried his Father Anchises in Sicily; and setting sail from thence in search of Italy, is driven by a Storm on the same Coasts from whence he departed: After a tedious wandring, he is hospitably receiv'd by his Friend Acestes, King of that part of the Island, who was born of Trojan Parentage: He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his Father with Divine Honours; and accordingly institutes Funeral Games, and appoints Prizes for those who should conquer in them. One of these Games was a Foot Race; in which Nisus and Euryalus were engag'd amongst other Trojans and Sicilians.

From thence his way the *Trojan* Hero bent,
Into a grassy Plain with Mountains pent,
Whose Brows were shaded with surrounding wood;
Full in the midst of this fair Valley, stood
A native Theater, which rising slow,
By just degrees, o're-look'd the ground below:
A numerous Train attend with Solemn State:
High on the new rais'd Turf their Leader sate.
Here those, who in the rapid Race delight,
Desire of Honour, and the Prize invite:
The *Trojans* and *Sicilians* mingled stand,
With *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, the formost of the Band.
Euryalus with youth and beauty crown'd,
Nisus for friendship to the Boy renown'd.
Diores next of *Priam's* Regal Race,
Then *Salius*, joyn'd with *Patron*, took his place:
But from *Epirus* one deriv'd his birth,
The other ow'd it to *Arcadian* Earth.

Then

Then two *Sicilian* Youths; the name of this
 Was *Helimus*, of that was *Panopes*:
 Two jolly Huntsmen in the Forest bred,
 And owning old *Acestes* for their Head.
 With many others of obscurer name,
 Whom Time has not deliver'd o're to Fame:
 To these *Aeneas* in the midst arose,
 And pleasingly did thus his mind expose.
 Not one of you shall unrewarded go;
 On each I will two *Cretan* Spears bestow,
 Pointed with polish'd Steel; a Battle-ax too,
 With Silver studded; these in common share,
 The formost three shall Olive Garlands wear:
 The Victor, who shall first the Race obtain,
 Shall for his Prize a well-breath'd Courser gain,
 Adorn'd with Trappings; to the next in fame,
 The Quiver of an *Amazonian* Dame,

With feather'd *Thracian* Arrows well supply'd
Hung on a golden Belt, and with a Jewel ty'd :
The third this *Grecian* Helmet must content.
He said : to their appointed *Base* they went.
With beating hearts th' expected Sign receive,
And starting all at once, the Station leave.
Spread out, as on the wings of Winds they flew,
And seiz'd the distant Goal with eager view :
Shot from the Crowd, swift *Nisus* all o're-past,
Not storms, nor thunder equal half his haste :
The next, but tho' the next, yet far disjoyn'd,
Came *Salus*, then, a distant space behind
Euryalus the third.
Next *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,
Step after step, and almost side by side ;
His shoulders pressing, and in longer space,
Had won, or left at least a doubtful Race.

Now

Now spent, the Goal they almost reach at last,
When eager *Nisus*, hapless in his haste,
Slip first, and slipping, fell upon the Plain,
Moist with the blood of Oxen lately slain;
The careless Victor had not mark'd his way,
But treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
His heels flew up, and on the grassy floor,
He fell besmear'd with filth and holy gore.
Nor mindless then *Euryalus* of thee,
Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,
He strove th' immediate Rival to oppose,
And caught the foot of *Salius* as he rose;
So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain:
Euryalus springs out the prize to gain,
And cuts the Crowd; applauding peals attend
The Conqu'ror to the Goal, who conquer'd through
his Friend.

Next *Helimus*, and then *Diores* came,
By two Misfortunes, now the third in fame.
But *Salius* enters, and exclaiming loud
For Justice, deafens and disturbs the Crowd:
Urges his Cause may in the Court be heard,
And pleads the Prize is wrongfully conferr'd,
But favour for *Euryalus* appears,
His blooming beauty and his graceful tears
Had brib'd the Judges to protect his claim:
Besides *Diores* does as loud exclaim,
Who vainly reaches at the last Reward,
If the first Palm on *Salius* be conferr'd.
Then thus the Prince; Let no disputes arise;
Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the Prize.
But give me leave, her Errours to amend,
At least to pity a deserving Friend.
Thus having said,

A Lion's Hide, amazing to behold,
Pond'rous with bristles, and with paws of Gold,
He gave the Youth, which *Nisus* greiv'd to view :
If such rewards to vanquish'd Men are due,
Said he, and falling is to rise by you,
What prize may *Nisus* from your bounty claim,
Who merited the first Rewards of Fame !
In falling both did equal fortune try,
Wou'd fortune make me fall as happily.
With this he pointed to his face, and show'd
His hands and body all besmear'd with blood :
Th' indulgent Father of the People smild,
And caus'd to be produc'd a massie Shield
Of wond'rous art by *Didymaon* wrought,
Long since from *Neptune's* bars in triumph brought ;
With this, the graceful Youth he gratifi'd ;
Then the remaining Presents did divide.

Connection of the remaining part of the
Episde, translated out of the 9th. Book
of *Virgil's Æneids*, with the fore-
going part of the Story .

*The War being now broken out betwixt the
Trojans and Latines ; and Æneas being
overmatch'd in numbers by his Enemies,
who were aided by King Turnus, he forti-
fies his Camp, and leaves in it his young
Son Ascanius, under the direction of his
chief Counsellors and Captains ; while
he goes in Person, to beg Succours from
King Evander and the Tuscans. Tur-
nus takes advantage of his absence, and
assaults his Camp : The Trojans in it
are reduc'd to great extremities ; which
gives the Poet the occasion of continu-
ing this admirable Episde, wherein he
describes the Friendship, the Generosity, the
Adventures, and the Death of Nisus and
Euryalus.*

THe *Trojan* Camp the common danger shar'd;
By turns they watch'd the Walls; and
kept the Nightly Guard :

To Warlike *Nisus* fell the Gate by Lot,

(Whom *Hyrtacus* on Huntress *Ida* got:

And sent to Sea *Aeneas* to attend,)

Well cou'd he dart the Spear, and shafts unerring
send.

Beside him stood *Euryalus*, his ever faithful Friend.

No Youth in all the *Trojan* Host was seen

More beautiful in Arms, or of a Nobler meen;

Scarce was the Down upon his Chin begun;

One was their Friendship, their desire was one:

With minds united in the Field they warr'd,

And now were both by choice upon the Guard.

Then *Nisus* thus:

Or do the Gods this Warlike warmth inspire,

Or makes each Man a God of his desire?

A Noble Ardour boils within my Breast,
Eager of Action, Enemy of Rest ;
That urges me to Fight, or underake
Some Deed that may my Fame immortal make.
Thou seest the Foe secure : How faintly shine
Their scatter'd Fires, the most in Sleep supine ;
Dissolv'd in Ease, and drunk with Victory :
The few awake the fuming Flaggon ply ;
All hush'd around : Now hear what I revolve,
Within my mind, and what my labouring thoughts
resolve.

Our absent Lord both Camp and Council mourn ;
By Message both wou'd hasten his return :
The gifts propos'd if they confer on thee,
(For Fame is recompence enough to me)
Methinks beneath yon Hill, I have espy'd
A way that safely will my Passage guide.

Euryalus stood listning while he spoke,
 With Love of Praise, and Noble Envy strook;
 Then to his ardent Friend, expos'd his mind :
 All this alone, and leaving me behind !
 Am I unworthy, *Nisus*, to be join'd,
 Think'st thou my share of Honour I will yield,
 Or send thee unassisted to the Field ?
 Not so my Father taught my Childhood Arms,
 Born in a Siege, and bred amongst Alarms :
 Nor is my Youth unworthy of my Friend,
 Or of the Heav'n-born *Heroe* I attend.
 The thing call'd Life with ease I can disclaim;
 And think it overfold to purchase Fame.
 To whom his Friend ;
 I cou'd not think, alas, thy tender years
 Wou'd minister new matter to my Fears :
 Nor is it just thou shou'dst thy Wish obtain ;
 So *Jove* in Triumph bring me back again ;

To those dear eyes; or if a God there be
To pious Friends, propitious more than he.
But if some one, as many sure there are,
Of adverse accidents in doubtful War,
If one shou'd reach my Head there let it fall,
And spare thy life, I wou'd not perish all:
Thy Youth is worthy of a longer Date;
Do thou remain to mourn thy Lover's Fate;
To bear my mangled body from the Foe,
Or buy it back, and Fun'ral Rites bestow.
Or if hard Fortune shall my Corps deprv
Those Dues, with empty Marble to supply.
O let not me the Widows tears renew,
Let not a Mother's curse my name pursue;
Thy pious Mother, who in Love to thee,
Left the Fair Coast of Fruitful *Sicily*;
Her Age committing to the Seas and Wind,
When every weary *Matron* staid behind.

To this *Euryalus*, thou plead'st in vain,
And but delay'st the cause thou canst not gain:
No more, 'tis loss of time : with that he wakes
The Nodding Watch ; each to his Office takes!
The Guard reliev'd, in Company they went
To find the Council at the Royal Tent.
Now every living thing lay void of care,
And Sleep, the common gift of Nature, share :
Mean time the *Trojan* Peers in Council sat
And call'd their chief Commanders, to debate
The weighty business of th' indanger'd State. }
What next was to be done, who to be sent
T' inform *Æneas* of the Foes intent.
In midst of all the quiet Camp they held
Nocturnal Council ; each sustains a Shield
Which his o'er-labour'd Arm can hardly rear ;
And leans upon a long projected Spear.

Now

Now *Nisus* and his Friend approach the Guard,
And beg admittance, eager to be heard,
Th' affair important ; not to be deferr'd.
Ascanius bids them be conducted in ;
Then thus, commanded, *Nisus* does begin.
Ye *Trojan* Fathers lend attentive Ears ;
Nor judge our Undertaking by our Years.
The Foes securely drench'd in Sleep and Wine
Their Watch neglect ; their Fires but thinly shine.
And where the Smoak in thickning Vapours flies
Cov'ring the Plain, and clouding all the Skies,
Betwixt the spaces we have mark'd a way,
Close by the Gate, and coasting by the Sea ;
This Passage undisturb'd, and unespied
Our Steps will safely to *Æneas* guide,
Expect each hour to see him back again
Loaded with spoils of Foes, in Battle slain :

Snatch we the Lucky Minute while we may,
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way:
 For Hunting in the Vale, we oft have seen
 The rising Turrets with the stream between:
 And know its winding Course, with every Foord.
 He paus'd, and Old *Alethes* took the Word.
 Our Country Gods in whom our trust we place,
 Will yet from ruin save the *Trojan* race;
 While we behold such springing worth appear,
 In youth so brave, and breasts so void of Fear.
 (With this he took the hand of either Boy,
 Embrac'd them closely both, and wept for joy:)
 Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
 What recompence for such desert, decree!
 The greatest sure, and best you can receive,
 The Gods your Vertue and your Fame will give:
 The rest, our grateful General will bestow;
 And young *Ascanius*, till his Manhood, owe.

And

And I whose welfare in my Father lies,
(*Ascanius* adds,) by all the Deities,
By our great Country, and our Household-Gods,
By Hoary *Vesta's* rites, and dark abodes,
Adjure you both, on you my Fortune stands,
That and my Faith I plight into your hands,
Make me but happy in his safe return,
(For I No other loss but only his can mourn,)
Nisus, your gift shall two large Goblets be,
Of Silver wrought with curious Imag'ry,
And high embost: which, when old *Priam* reign'd,
My conqu'ring Sire, at sack'd *Arisba* gain'd.
And more two Tripods cast in antique mould,
With two great Tallents of the finest Gold.
Besides a Bowl which *Tyrian* Art did grave;
The Present that *Sidonian Dido* gave.
But if in conquer'd *Italy* we reign,
When Spoils by Lot the Victors shall obtain,

Thou

Thou saw'st the Courser by proud *Turnus* prest ;
 That, and his Golden Arms, and sanguine Crest,
 And Shield, from lot exempted, thou shalt share ;
 With these, twelve captive Damsels young and fair :
 Male Slaves as many ; well appointed all
 With Vests and Arms, shall to thy Portion fall :
 And last a fruitful Field to thee shall rest,
 The large demenes the *Latian* King possessest.
 But thou, whose years are more to mine ally'd,
 No Fate my vow'd affection shall divide
 From thee, O wondrous Youth : be ever mine,
 Take full possession, all my Soul is thine :
 My life's Companion, and my bosom Friend ;
 One faith, one fame, one fate shall both attend :
 My peace shall be committed to thy care,
 And to thy Conduct my concerns in war.
 Then thus the bold *Euryalus* reply'd ;
 What ever Fortune, good or bad, betide,

The same shall be my *Age*, as now my *Youth*;
No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your bounty let me gain ;
(And this not granted, all rewards are vain :)
Of *Priam's* Royal Race my Mother came,
And sure the best that ever bore the name :
Whom neither *Troy*, nor *Sicily* cou'd hold
From me departing ; but o'respent and old,
My fate she follow'd ; ignorant of this
What ever danger : Neither parting kiss,
Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave :
And in this only Act of all my life deceive.
By this your hand and conscious Night I swear,
My youth so sad a farewell cou'd not bear.
Be you her Patron, fill my vacant place ;
(Permit me to presume so great a grace ;)
Support her Age forsaken and distressed ;
That hope alone will fortifie my breast,

Against

Against the worst of fortunes and of fears :
He said ; th' Assistants shed presaging tears.
But above all, *Ascanius* mov'd to see
That Image of paternal piety.
Then thus reply'd.——

So great beginnings in so green an *Age*
Exact that Faith, which firmly I engage;
Thy Mother all the privilege shall claim
Creusa had ; and only want the name.
What e'er event thy enterprise shall have,
'Tis merit to have born a Son so brave.
By this my Head, a sacred Oath, I swear,
(My Father us'd it) what returning, here
Crown'd with success, I for thy self prepare,
Thy Parent and thy Family shall share :
He said ; and weeping while he spoke the word,
From his broad Belt he drew a shining Sword,

Magnificent with Gold; *Lycaon* made,
And in an Iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the Blade.

This was his Gift: while *Mnestheus* did provide
For *Nisus* Arms; a grisly Lions Hide; (per try'd.
And true *Alethes* chang'd with him his helm of tem-

Thus arm'd they went: the noble *Trojans* wait
Their going forth, and follow to the Gate.

With Pray'rs and Vows above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far above his years.

And Messages committed to their care;
Which all in winds were lost, and empty air.
The Trenches first they pass'd; then took their
way,

Where their proud foes in pitch'd Pavilions lay.
To many fatal e'er themselves were slain:
The careless Host dispers'd upon the Plain
They found, who drunk with Wine supinely snore,
Unharnes'd Chariots stand upon the shore;

Midst

Midst wheels, and reins, and arms, the Goblet by,
A Medly of Debauch and War they lie.
Observing *Nisus* shew'd his friend the fight;
Then thus : behold a Conquest without fight.
Occasion calls the Sword to be prepar'd :
Our way lies there, stand thou upon the guard;
And look behind, while I securely go
To cut an ample passage through the Foe.
Softly he spoke; then stalking took his way,
With his drawn Sword, where haughty *Rhamnes* lay;
His head rais'd high, on Tapestry beneath,
And heaving from his breast, he puff'd his breath.
A King, and Prophet by King *Turnus* lov'd,
But fate by Prescience cannot be remov'd.
Three sleeping Slaves he soon subdues : then spyes
Where *Rhemus*, with his proud Retinue, lies :
His Armour Bearer first, and next he kills
His Charioteer, entrench'd betwixt the wheels,

And his lov'd Horses; last invades their Lord,
Full on his Neck he aims the fatal Sword:
The Gasping head flies off: a purple Flood,
Flows from the Trunk, that wallows in the blood;
Which by the spurning heels, dispers'd around
The bed, besprinkles and bedews the ground.
Then *Lamyrus* with *Lamus* and the young
Serranus, who with gaming did prolong
The Night: oppress'd with Wine and slumber lay
The beauteous Youth, and dreamt of lucky Play;
More lucky had it been protracted till the day.
The famish'd Lion thus with hunger bold,
O're-leaps the Fences of the nightly Fold,
The peaceful Flock devours, and tears, and draws;
Wrapt up in silent fear, they lie and pant beneath
his paws.
Nor with less Rage *Euryalus* employs
The vengeful Sword, nor fewer Foes destroys.

But

But on th' ignoble Crowd his fury flew ;
Which *Fadus*, *Hebesus*, and *Rhætus* flew,
With *Abaris* ; in sleep the rest did fall ;
But *Rhætus* waking, and observing all :
Behind a mighty Jar he slunk for fear ;
The sharp-edg'd Iron found and reach'd him there :
Full as he rose he plung'd it in his side ;
The cruel Sword return'd in Crimson dy'd.
The wound a blended stream of wine and blood
Pours out ; the purple Soul comes floating in the
Flood.

Now where *Messapus* quarter'd they arrive ;
The Fires were fainting there, and just alive ;
The warlike Horses ty'd in order fed ;
Nisus the Discipline observ'd, and fed,
Our eagerness of blood may both betray :
Behold the doubtful glimmering of the day,

Foe to these nightly thefts: No more, my friend,
Here let our glutt'd execution End ;
A Lane through slaughter'd Bodies we have made :
The bold *Euryalus*, tho' loath, obey'd :
Rich Arms and Arras which they scatter'd find,
And Plate, a precious load they leave behind.
Yet fond of Gaudy Spoils, the Boy wou'd stay
To make the proud *Caparisons* his prey,
Which deck'd a Neighb'ring steed.——
Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
The Girdle studded o'er with Nails of Gold,
Which *Rhamnes* wore : This present long ago
On *Remulus* did *Cædicus* bestow,
And absent joyn'd in hospitable Tyes.
He dying, to his Heir bequeath'd the prize:
Till by the conquering *Rutuli* oppress
He fell, and they the glorious Gift possess.

These gaudy Spoils *Euryalus* now bears;
 And vainly on his brawny Shoulders wears:
Messapus Helm, he found amongst the dead,
 Garnish'd with Plumes, and fitted to his head.
 They leave the Camp, and take the safest Road,
 Mean time a Squadron of their Foes abroad,
 Three hundred Horse, with Bucklers arm'd, they
 spy'd,

Whom *Volsens* by the King's command did guide:
 To *Turnus* these were from the City sent,
 And to perform their Message sought his Tent.
 Approaching near their utmost Lines they draw;
 When bending tow'rs the left, their Captain saw
 The faithful pair; for through the doubtful Shade
 His glitt'ring Helm *Euryalus* betray'd;
 On which the Moon with full reflection play'd.
 'Tis not for nought (cry'd *Volsens* from the Crowd)
 These Men go there, then rais'd his voice aloud:

Stand

Stand, stand ! why thus in Arms ? And whither
bent ?

From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent ?
Silent they make away ; and haste their flight
To Neighb'ring Woods ; and trust themselves to
Night.

The speedy Horsemen spur their Steeds to get
Twixt them and home ; and every Path beset,
And all the windings of the well known Wood ;
Black was the Brake, and thick with Oak it stood,
With Fern all horrid, and perplexing Thorn,
Where tracks of Bears had scarce a passage worn.
The darkness of the Shades ; his heavy Prey,
And fear, misled the younger from his way :
But *Nisus* hit the turns with happier haste,
Who now, unknowing, had the danger past,
And *Alban* Lakes from *Alba's* name so call'd ;
Where King *Latinus* then his Oxen stall'd.

Till

Till turning at the length he stood his ground,
And vainly cast his longing eyes around
For his lost Friend!

Ah! wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind!
Where shall I hope th' unhappy Youth to find!
Or what way take! Again he ventures back,
And treads the Mazes of his former track,
Through the wild Wood: at last he hears the Noise
Of trampling Horses, and the Riders voice.
The Sound approach'd, and suddenly he view'd
His Foes inclosing, and his Friend pursu'd,
Fore-laid, and taken, while he strove in vain
The Covert of the Neighb'ring Wood to gain.
What shou'd he next attempt, what Arms employ
With fruitless Force to free the Captive Boy?
Or tempt unequal numbers with the Sword;
And die by him whom living he ador'd?

Resolv'd on death his dreadful Spear he shook,
And casting to the Moon a mournful look,
Fair Queen, said he, who dost in Woods delight,
Grace of the Stars, and Goddess of the Night;
Be present, and direct my Dart aright. }
If e're my pious Father for my sake,
Did on thy Altars grateful Offerings make,
Or I increas'd them with successful toils;
And hung thy Sacred Roof with Savage Spoils,
Through the brown shadows guide my flying Spear
To reach this Troop: Then poyzing from his ear
The quiv'ring Weapon with full force he threw;
Through the divided Shades the deadly Javelin
flew;

On *Sulmo's* back it splits; the double Dart,
Drove deeper onward, and transfixt his heart.
He staggers round, his eye-balls rowl in death;
And with short Sobbs, he gasps away his breath.

All stand amaz'd : a second Javelin flies
From his stretch'd arm, and hisses through the Skies :
The Lance through *Tagus* Temples forc'd its way ;
And in his brain-pan warmly buried lay.
Fierce *Volsens* foams with rage ; and gazing round,
Descry'd no Author of the fatal Wound,
Nor where to fix revenge : But thou he cries,
Shalt pay for both ; and at the Pris'ner flies,
With his drawn Sword : Then, struck with deep
Despair,

That fatal fight the Lover cou'd not bear ;
But from his Covert rusht in open view ;
And sent his Voice before him as he flew ;
Me, me, employ your Sword on me alone ;
The Crime confess'd ; the Fact was all my own.
He neither cou'd nor durst, the guiltless Youth,
Ye Moon and Stars bear witness to the Truth ;

His

His only fault, if that be to offend,
Was too much loving his unhappy Friend.
Too late alas, he speaks ;
The Sword, with unrelenting fury guides
Driv'n with full force had pierc'd his tender sides ;
Down fell the beauteous Youth, the gaping wound
Gush'd out a Crimson stream and stain'd the ground:
His nodding neck reclines on his white breast,
Like a fair Flow'r, in furrow'd Fields oppress'd,
By the keen Share : or Poppy on the Plain,
Whose heavy head is over-charg'd with Rain.
Disdain, despair, and deadly vengeance vow'd,
Drove *Nisus* headlong on the Hostile Crowd ;
Volsens he seeks, at him alone he bends ;
Born back, and push'd by his surrounding Friends,
He still press'd on ; and kept him still in sight ;
Then whirl'd aloft his Sword with all his might ;

Th' unerring Weapon flew ; and wing'd with
Death,

Enter'd his gaping Mouth, and stop'd his breath.

Dying he flew : and stagg'ring on the Plain,

Sought for the body of his Lover slain :

Then quietly on his dear breast he fell ;

Content in death to be reveng'd so well.

O happy pair ! for if my Verse can give

Eternity ; your Fame shall ever live :

Fix'd as the Capitol's Foundation lies,

And spread where-e're the *Roman* Eagle flies.

The

The entire *Episode* of *Mezentius*
and *Lausus*, Translated out of
the 10th Book of *Virgil's Æ-*
neids.

B Y

Mr. D R Y D E N.

Connection of the *Episode*, with
the foregoing Story.

Mezentius was King of Etruria, or Tuscany; from whence he was expell'd by his Subjects, for his Tyrannical Government, and Cruelty; and a new King Elected. Being thus banish'd, he applies himself to King Turnus, in whose Court he, and his Son Lausus take Sanctuary. Turnus for the Love of Lavinia making War with Æneas, Mezentius engages in the cause of his Benefactor, and performs many great Actions, particularly in revenging himself on his late Subjects, who now assisted Æneas out of hatred to him. Mezentius is every where describ'd by Virgil as an Atheist; his Son Lausus is made the Pattern of filial Piety and Vertue: And the death of those two is the subject of this Noble Episode.

THUS equal deaths are dealt, and equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns
advance:

Victors and vanquish'd in the various field ;
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield:
The Gods from Heav'n, survey the doubtful strife,
And mourn the Miseries of humane life.
Above the rest two Goddesses appear
Concern'd for each : Here *Venus*, *Juno* there.
Amidst the Crowd, infernal *Atè* shakes
Her Scourge aloft, and hissing Crest of Snakes.
Once more *Mezentius*, with a proud disdain,
Brandish'd his Spear, and rush'd into the Plain:
Where, tow'ring in the midmost ranks, he stood,
Like vast *Orion* stalking o're the flood:
When with his brawny Breast, he cuts the waves ;
His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves.

Or like a Mountain Ash, whose roots are spread,
Deep fix'd in earth ; in clouds he hides his head.

Thus arm'd, he took the field :——

The *Trojan* Prince beheld him from a-far ;
With joyful eyes, and undertook the War.

Collected in himself, and like a Rock

Poiz'd on his base ; *Mezentius* stood the shock
Of his great Foe : Then measuring with his eyes
The space his spear cou'd reach, aloud he cries :
My own right hand and Sword assist my stroke ;
(Those only Gods *Mezentius* will invoke.)

His Armour, from the *Trojan* Pyrate torn,
Shall by my *Lausus* be in Triumph worn.

He said ; and straight with all his force he threw
The massie Spear ; which, hissing as it flew,
Reach'd the celestial Shield ; that stop'd the course :
But glancing thence, the yet unbroken force,

Took a new bent obliquely, and, betwixt
The Side and Bowels, fam'd *Anthores* fixt.

Anthores had from *Argos* travell'd far,
Alcides friend, and brother of the War,
Till, tir'd with toyls, fair *Italy* he chose ;
And in *Evander's* Palace, sought repose :
Now falling by another's wound, his eyes
He casts to Heaven ; on *Argos* thinks, and dies.
The pious *Trojan* then his javelin sent ;
The Shield gave way, thro' trebble plates it went
Of solid brass, of linnen trebbly rowl'd,
And three Bull Hides, which round the Buckler
fold :

All these it past with unresisted course,
Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force.
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood :
The *Trojan* glad with sight of hostile blood,

His Fauchion drew, to cloſer fight addreſt,
And with new force his fainting foe oppreſt.
His Father's danger *Laufus* view'd with grief,
He ſigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief :
And here, O wond'rous Youth, 'tis here, I muſt
To thy immortal memory be juſt,
And ſing an act, ſo noble and ſo new,
Poſterity ſhall ſcarce believe it true.
Pain'd with his wound, and uſeleſs for the fight,
The Father ſought to ſave himſelf by flight;
Incumber'd, ſlow he drag'd the ſpear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his Buckler hung.
The pious Youth reſolv'd to undergo
The liſted ſword, ſprings out to face his Foe,
Protects his Father, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applauſe ran ringing thro' the field,
To ſee the Son the vanquiſh'd Father ſhield;

All fir'd with Noble Emulation, strive;
 And with a storm of darts, to distance drive
 The *Trojan* chief, who hed at bay, from far,
 On his Vulcanian Orb sustain'd the War.
 As when thick Hail comes ratling in the wind,
 The Ploughman, Passenger, and lab'ring Hind
 For shelter to the Neighb'ring Covert fly,
 Or hous'd, or safe in Hollow Caverns lie,
 But that o'reblown, when heav'n above 'em smiles,
 Return to Travel, and renew their toils:
Aeneas thus o'rewhelm'd; on ev'ry side
 The Storm of darts undaunted did abide;
 And thus to *Lausus* loud, with friendly threat-
 ning cri'd.

Why wilt thou rush to certain death? and rage
 In rash attempts beyond thy tender age?
 Betray'd by pious Love? nor thus forborn
 The Youth desists, but with insulting scorn:

Pro-

Provokes the ling'ring Prince, whose patience tir'd
Gave place ; and all his breast with fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their cruel Shears ;
And lifted high, the conquering Sword appears,
Which full descending with a fearful sway,
Through Shield and Cuirasse forc'd th' impetu-
ous way,

And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.

The springing streams thro' the thin *Armour* strove,
And drencht the *golden Coat* his careful *Mother* wove:
And Life at length forsook his heaving Heart,
Loth from so sweet a Mansion to depart.
But when, with blood and paleness all bespread,
The pious Prince beheld young *Lausus* dead,
He griev'd, he wept: the sight an Image brought
Of his own filial love ; a sadly pleasing thought.
Then stretch'd his hand to raise him up, and said ;
Poor hapless Youth, what praises can be paid

To Love so great; to such transcendant store
Of early worth, and sure presage of more!
Accept what e're *Æneas* can afford:
Untouch'd thy Arms; untaken be thy Sword;
And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
Inviolate; and Sacred to the slain.
Thy body on thy Parents I bestow,
To please thy Ghost; at least if shadows know
Or have a taste of Human things below. }
There to thy fellow Ghosts, with Glory tell,
'Twas by the great *Æneas* hand I fell.
With this he bids his distant Friends draw near,
Provokes their Duty, and prevents their Fear;
Himself assists to raise him from the ground,
His Locks deform'd with blood, that well'd from
out his wound.
Mean time the Father, now no Father, flood,
And wash'd his wounds by *Tyber's* yellow Flood,

Opprest with anguish, panting, and o're spent,
His fainting Limbs against a Tree he leant :
A bough his brazen Helmet did sustain,
His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain :
Of Youth a chosen Troop around him stand,
His head hung down, and rested on his hand ;
His grizly Beard his pensive bosom sought,
And all on *Lausus*, ran his restless thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
Much he enquir'd, and many a message sent :
To warn him from the field ; alas in vain
Behold his mournful followers bear him slain
On their broad shields ; still gush'd the gaping
wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their cries ; far off divin'd
The dire event with a forebodeing mind.

With dust he sprinkled first his hoary Head,
Then both his lifted Arms to Heav'n he spread ;
Last, the dear Corps embracing, thus he sed.
What Joys, alas, cou'd this frail Being give!
That I have been so covetous to live.
To see my Son, and such a Son, resign
His Life a Ransom for preserving mine !
And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost,
How much too dear has that Redemption cost.
'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel,
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
My guilt thy growing Vertues did defame ;
My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd Name.
Chac'd from a Throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild :
I ow'd my people these ; and from their hate
With less injustice cou'd have born my fate.

And

And yet I live, and yet support the fight
 Of hateful Men, and of more hated Light !
 But will not long. With that he rais'd from ground
 His fainting Limbs, that stagger'd with his wound.
 Yet with a mind resolv'd, and unapal'd
 With pains or perils, for his Courser call'd.
 Well mouth'd, well manag'd, whom himself did
 dress
 With daily care; and mounted with success,
 His Aid in Arms; his Ornament in Peace.
 Soothing his Courage with a gentle stroke,
 The Horse seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke.
 O *Rhæbus* we have liv'd too long for me;
 (If long and Life were terms that cou'd agree !)
 This day, thou either shalt bring back the head,
 And bloody Trophies of the *Trojan* dead;
 This day, thou either shalt revenge my woe
 For Murther'd *Lausus* on his cruel Foe,

Or, if inexorable Fate deny
Our Conquest, with thy Conquer'd Master die.
For after such a Lord, I rest secure,
Thou wilt no Foreign Reins, or *Trojan* Load endure.
He said; and streight th' officious Courser kneels
To take his wonted weight: His hands he fills
With pointed Javelins; on his head he lac'd
His glittering Helm, which terribly was grac'd
With crested Horsehair, nodding from afar,
Then spurr'd his thund'ring Steed, amidst the War.
Love, Anguish, Wrath, and Grief to Madness
wrought,
Despair, and secret Shame, and conscious Thought
Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppress;
Rowl'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breast.
Then loud he call'd *Æneas*, thrice by Name;
The loud repeated voice to glad *Æneas* came.

Great

Great *Jove*, said he; and the far shooting God,
Inspire thy mind, to make thy challenge good.
He said no more; but hasten'd to appear,
And threatn'd with his long protended Spear.
To whom *Mezentius* thus; thy vaunts are vain,
My *Lausus* lies extended on the Plain;
He's lost; thy conquest is already won:
This was my only way to be undone.
Nor Fate I fear, but all the Gods defie!
Forbear thy threats; my business is to die:
But first receive this parting Legacie.
He said; and straight a whirling Dart he sent;
Another after, and another went.
Round in a spacious Ring he rides the Field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable Shield.
Thrice rode he round, and thrice *Æneas*
wheel'd:

Turn'd

Turn'd as he turn'd, the Golden Orb withstood
The strokes, and bore about an Iron wood.
Impatient of delay ; and weary grown
Still to defend, and to defend alone ;
To wrench the Darts that in his Buckler light,
Urg'd and o're-labour'd in unequal fight,
At last resolv'd, he throws with all his force
Full at the Temples of the warlike Horse :
Betwixt the Temples pass'd th' unerring Spear,
And piercing stood transfixt from ~~mouth~~ to ear.
Seiz'd with the sudden pain, surpriz'd with fright,
The Courser bounds aloft, and stands upright :
He beats his Hoofs a while in air ; then prest
With anguish, Floundering falls the gen'rous
Beast
And his cast Rider, with his weight oppress.
From either Host the mingled shouts and cries
Of *Trojans* and *Rutilians* rend the Skies.

Aeneas haft'ning wav'd his fatal Sword,
High o're his head, with this reproachful word:
Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce disdain
Of proud *Mezentius*, and the lofty strain?
Struggling, and wildly staring on the Skies,
With scarce recover'd breath, he thus replies:
Why these insulting threats, this waste of breath,
To Souls undaunted, and secure of Death.
'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die;
Nor came I hither with hope of Victory;
But, with a glorious Fate, to end my pain;
When *Lausus* fell, I was already slain:
Nor ask I life,
My dying Son contracted no such band:
Nor wou'd I take it from his Murd'rer's hand.
For this, this only favour let me sue,
(If pity to a conquer'd Foe be due)

Refuse not that : But let my body have
 The last retreat of Human Kind ; a Grave.
 Too well I know my injur'd Peoples hate ;
 Protect me from their Vengeance after Fate ;
 This Refuge for my poor Remains provide ;
 And lay my much lov'd *Lausus* by my side ;
 He said ; and to the Sword his Throat apply'd.
 The Crimson Stream distain'd his Arms around ;
 And the disdainful Soul came rushing through
 the Wound.

THE

THE
S P E E C H
O F
VENUS
T O
VULCAN:

*Wherein she perswades him to make Arms for her Son
Æneas, then engag'd in a War against the Latines,
and King Turnus: Translated out of the Eighth
Book of Virgil's Æneids.*

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

NOW Night with Sable wings the World
o're-spread ;

But *Venus*, not in vain, surpriz'd with dread

Of *Latian* arms, before the tempest breaks,
Her Husband's timely succour thus bespeaks,
Couch'd in his Golden Bed :——

(And, that her pleasing Speech his mind may move,
Inspires it with diviner charms of Love :)

While adverse Fate conspir'd with *Grecian* Pow'rs
To level with the ground the *Trojan* Tow'rs,

I beg'd no ayd th' unhappy to restore,

Nor did thy succour, nor thy art implore ;

Nor sought, their sinking Empire to sustain,

To urge the labour of my Lord in vain.

Tho' much I ow'd to *Priam's* House, and more,

The dangers of *Æneas* did deplore :

But now, by *Jove's* command, and Fates decree,

His Race is doom'd to reign in *Italy*,

With humble suit I ask thy needful art,

O still propitious Pow'r, O Sovereign of my heart

A Mother stands a suppliant for a Son :
By silver footed *Thetis* thou wert won
For fierce *Achilles*, and the Rosie Morn
Mov'd thee with Arms her *Memnon* to adorn ;
Are these my tears, less pow'rful on thy mind ?
Behold that warlike Nations are combin'd,
With fire and sword *My* people to destroy,
And twice to triumph over *Me* and *Troy*.
She said ; and straight her arms of Snowy hue,
About her unresolving Husband threw ;
Her soft embraces soon infuse desire,
His bones and marrow suddain warmth inspire ;
And all the Godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half so swift the rowling thunder flies,
Or streaks of lightning flash along the skyes.
The Goddess pleas'd with her successful wiles,
And, conscious of her conqu'ring Beauty, smiles.

Then thus the good old God, (sooth'd with her
Panting, and half dissolving in her arms:) (charms,

Why seek you Reasons for a Cause so just,

Or your own beauty or my love distrust?

Long since had you requir'd my helpful hand,

You might the Artist, and his Art command

To arm your *Trojans*: nor did *Jove* or Fate,

Confine their Empire to so short a date:

And if you now desire new Wars to wage,

My care, my skill, my labour I engage,

What ever melting Metals can conspire,

Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,

I freely promise; all your doubts remove,

And think no task is difficult to love.

He said; and eager to enjoy her charms,

He snatch'd the lovely Goddess to his arms;

Till all infus'd in joy he lay possess

Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.

LUCRETIOUS

The beginning of the First Book.

By Mr. D R I D E N.

Delight of Humane kind, and Gods above:
 Parent of *Rome* ; Propitious Queen of
 Love;

Whose vital pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies;
 And breeds what e're is born beneath the rowling
 For every kind, by thy prolifque might, (Skies:
 Springs, and beholds the Regions of the light:
 Thee, Goddess thee, the clouds and tempests fear,
 And at thy pleasing presence disappear :
 For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is drest,
 For thee the Ocean smiles, and smoothes her wavy
 breast;
 (light is blest.
 And Heav'n it self with more serene, and purer

For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,
 And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd,
 When teeming Budds, and chearful Greens appear,
 And Western gales unlock the lazy year,
 The joyous Birds thy welcome first express,
 Whose native Songs thy genial fire confess :
 Then salvage Beasts bound o're their slighted food,
 Strook with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood :
 All Nature is thy Gift; Earth, Air, and Sea:
 Of all that breaths, the various progeny,
 Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
 O're barren Mountains, o're the flow'ry Plain,
 The leavy Forest, and the liquid Main
 Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundless reign.
 Through all the living Regions dost thou move,
 And scatter'st, where thou goest, the kindly seeds
 of Love:

Since then the race of every living thing,
Obeys thy pow'r ; since nothing new can spring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear,
Be thou my aid : My tuneful Song inspire,
'And kindle with thy own productive fire ;
While all thy Province Nature, I survey,
'And sing to *Memmius* an immortal lay
Of Heav'n, and Earth, and every where thy
wond'rous pow'r display.

To *Memmius*, under thy sweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost adorn.
The rather, then assist my Muse and me,
Infusing Verses worthy him and thee.
Mean time on Land and Sea let barb'rous discord
cease,

And lull the list'ning World in universal peace.

To thee, Mankind their soft repose must owe,
 For thou alone that blessing canst bestow;
 Because the brutal business of the War
 Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's care:
 Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
 The pleasing pains of thy eternal Love:
 And panting on thy breast, supinely lies,
 While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famish'd (eyes:
 Sucks in with open lips, thy balmy breath, (death.
 By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing
 There while thy curling limbs about him move,
 Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of love,
 When wishing all, he nothing can deny,
 Thy Charms in that auspicious moment try;
 With winning eloquence our peace implore,
 And quiet to the weary World restore.

LUCRETIVS

The beginning of the Second Book,

Suave Mari magno, &c.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

'TIS pleasant, safely to behold from shore ^{(roar:}
The rowling Ship; and hear the Tempest

Not that another's pain is our delight;

But pains unfelt produce the Pleasing fight.

'Tis pleasant also to behold from far

The moving Legions mingled in the War:

But much more sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide,

To Vertues heights, with wisdom well supply'd,

And all the *Magazins* of Learning fortifi'd:

From thence to look below on humane kind,

Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind:

To see vain Fools ambitiously contend

For Wit and Pow'r; their lost endeavours bend

T'out-

S
T' outshine each other, waste their time and health,
In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.
O wretched man ! in what a mist of Life,
Inclos'd with dangers, and with noisie strife,
He spends his little Span : And overfeeds
His cramm'd desires, with more than Nature needs :
For Nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight ;
Which minds unmix'd with cares, and fears, obtain ;
A Soul serene, a Body void of pain.
So little this corporeal frame requires ;
So bounded are our natural desires,
That wanting all, and setting pain aside,
With bare privation, Sense is satisf'd.
If Golden Sconces hang not on the Walls,
To light the costly Suppers and the Balls ;
If the proud Palace shines not with the state
Of burnish'd Bowls, and of reflected Plate,

If

If well-tun'd Harps, nor the more pleasing sound
Of Voices, from the vaulted Roofs rebound,
Yet on the Grass, beneath a Poplar Shade
By the cool Stream, our careless limbs are laid,
With cheaper Pleasures innocently blest,
When the warm Spring with gaudy flow'rs is drest.
Nor will the raging Feavers fire abate,
With Golden Canopies and Beds of State:
But the poor Patient will as soon be found
On the hard Mattress, or the Mother ground.
Then since our bodies are not eas'd the more
By Birth, or Pow'r, or Fortune's wealthy store,
'Tis plain, these useless Toys of every kind
As little can relieve the lab'ring mind:
Unless we cou'd suppose the dreadful sight
Of marshall'd Legions moving to the fight,
Cou'd with their sound, and terrible array, (way;
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death a-

But

But since the supposition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midst of Pomp pursue the Prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,
Without respect to Purple, or to Gold;
Why shou'd not we these Pageantries despise;
Whose worth but in our want of reason lies?
For life is all in wand'ring errours led;
And just as Children are surpriz'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, so riper years
Ev'n in broad day light are possess'd with fears:
And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,
As those which in the breasts of Children reign.
These bugbears of the mind, this inward Hell,
No Rays of outward Sunshine can dispel;
But nature and right reason, must display
Their beams abroad, and bring the darksome Soul (to day.

TRAN-

TRANSLATION
OF THE
Latter Part of the Third Book
OF
LUCRETIOUS;
Against the Fear of Death.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

What has this Bugbear Death to frighten
Man,

If Souls can die, as well as Bodies can?

For, as before our birth we felt no pain

When Punique arms infested Land and Main,

When Heav'n and Earth were in confusion hurl'd

For the debated Empire of the World,

Which aw'd with dreadful expectation lay,

Sure to be Slaves, uncertain who shou'd sway:

So

So, when our mortal frame shall be disjoyn'd,
The lifeless Lump, uncoupled from the mind,
From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;
We shall not feel, because we shall not *Be*.
Tho' Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n were lost,
We shou'd not move, we only shou'd be tost.
Nay, ev'n suppose when we have suffer'd Fate,
The Soul cou'd feel in her divided state,
What's that to us, for we are only we
While Souls and Bodies in one frame agree?
Nay, tho' our Atoms shou'd revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance;
Tho' time our Life and Motion cou'd restore,
And make our Bodies what they were before,
What gain to us wou'd all this bustle bring,
The new made Man wou'd be another thing;
When once an interrupting pause is made,
That individual Being is decay'd.

We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part,
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other Mortal shall accrew,
Whom of our Matter Time shall mould anew.
For backward if you look, on that long space
Of Ages past, and view the changing face
Of Matter, tost and variously combin'd
In sundry shapes, 'tis easie for the mind
From thence t' infer, that Seeds of things have been
In the same order as they now are seen :
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Because a pause of Life, a gaping space
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wand'ring motions from the sense
are fled.

For who soe're shall in misfortunes live
Must *Be*, when those misfortunes shall arrive;

And

And since the Man who *Is* not, feels not woe.

(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,

Which we, the living, only feel and bear)

What is there left for us in death to fear ?

When once that pause of life has come between,

'Tis just the same as we had never been.

And therefore if a Man bemoan his lot,

That after death his mould'ring limbs shall rot,

Or flames, or jaws of Beasts devour his Mass,

Know he's an unsincere, unthinking Ass.

A secret Sting remains within his mind,

The Fool is to his own cast Offals kind ;

He boasts no sense can after death remain,

Yet makes himself a part of life again :

As if some other He cou'd feel the pain.

If, while he live, this thought molest his head,

What Wolf or Vulture shall devour me dead,

He wastes his days in idle grief, nor can
Distinguish 'twixt the Body and the Man :
But thinks himself can still himself survive ;
And what, when dead, he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other He,
No living He remains his grief to vent,
And o're his senseless Carcass to lament.
If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By Birds and Beasts, then why not so to burn,
Or drench'd in floods of Honey to be soak'd,
Imbalm'd to be at once preserv'd and choak'd ;
Or on an airy Mountain's top to lie
Expos'd to cold and Heav'ns inclemency,
Or crowded in a Tomb to be oppress'd
With Monumental Marble on thy breast ?
But to be snatch'd from all thy Household joys,
From thy chaste Wife, and thy dear prattling Boys,

Whose little arms about thy Legs are cast,
And climbing for a Kiss prevent their Mother's haste,
Inspiring secret pleasure through thy Breast,
All these shall be no more: thy Friends oppress'd,
Thy Care and Courage now no more shall free:
Ah Wretch, thou cry'st, ah! miserable me,
One woful day sweeps children, friends, and wife,
And all the brittle blessings of my life!
Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true;
Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too,
Which well consider'd, were a quick relief,
To all thy vain imaginary grief.
For thou shalt sleep and never wake again,
And quitting life, shall quit thy living pain.
But we, thy friends, shall all those sorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind,
No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee from
our mind.

The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,
Is a sound slumber, and a long good night.
Yet thus the fools, that wou'd be thought the Wits,
Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits,
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
Till the fresh Garlands on their foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, let us make haste to live,
Short are the joys that humane Life can give.
Eternal Preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the God that never thinks, with thought;
Ideots with all that thought, to whom the worst
Of death, is want of drink, and endless thirst,
Or any fond desire as vain as these.
For ev'n in sleep, the body wrapt in ease,
Supinely lyes, as in the peaceful grave,
And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that sound sleep eternal, it were death,
Yet the first Atoms then, the seeds of breath

Are

Are moving near to sense, we do but shake
And rouse that sense, and straight we are awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety
Is less than nothing, if a less could be.
For then our Atoms, which in Order lay,
Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,
And never can return into their place,
When once the pause of Life has left an empty space.
And last, suppose great Nature's Voice should call
To thee, or me, or any of us all,
What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain,
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more ?
For if thy life were pleasant heretofore,
If all the bounteous blessings I could give
Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live,
And pleasure not leak'd thro' thee like a Seive,

Why dost thou not give thanks, as at a plenteous
feast

(thy rest ?

Cram'd to the throat with life, and rise and take

But if my blessings thou hast thrown away,

If indigested Joys pass'd thro' and wou'd not stay,

Why dost thou wish for more to squander still ?

If Life be grown a load, a real ill,

And I wou'd all thy Cares and Labours end,

Lay down thy burden Fool, and know thy Friend.

To please thee I have empty'd all my store,

I can invent, and can supply no more ;

But run the round again, the round I ran before.

Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,

Yet still the self-same Scene of things appears,

And wou'd be ever, cou'dst thou ever live ;

For Life is still but Life, there's nothing new to give.

What can we plead against so just a Bill ?

We stand convicted, and our Cause goes ill.

But

But if a wretch, a man oppress'd by fate,
 Shou'd beg of Nature to prolong his date,
 She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,
 Be still thou Martyr Fool, thou covetous of pain.
 But if an old decrepit Sot lament;
 What thou (she cries) who hast outliv'd content!
 Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my store?
 But this is still th' effect of wishing more!
 Unsatisfi'd with all that Nature brings;
 Loathing the present, liking absent things;
 From hence it comes thy vain desires at strife
 Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy Life,
 And ghastly death appear'd before thy sight (light.
 Ere thou had'st gorg'd thy Soul, and Senses with de-
 Now leave those joys unsuited to thy age,
 To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage.
 Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?
 No sure; for 'tis her business to provide,

'Against this ever changing Frame's decay,
New things to come, and old to pass away.
One Being worn, another Being makes ;
Chang'd, but not lost ; for Nature gives and takes :
New Matter must be found for things to come,
And these must waste like those, and follow Natures
'All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot ; ^{(doom,}
And from each other's ruin are begot ;
For life is not confin'd to him or thee ;
'Tis giv'n to all for use ; to none for Property.
Consider former ages past and gone,
Whose Circles ended long e're thine begun,
Then tell me, Fool, what part in them thou hast ?
Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past.
What horror seest thou in that quiet State,
What Bugbear dreams to fright thee after Fate ?
No Ghost, no Goblins, that still passage keep,
But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.

For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,
Are verif'd on Earth, and not in Hell.

No *Tantalus* looks us with fearful eye,
Or dreads th' impending Rock to crush him from on ^{(high:}
But fear of Chance on Earth disturbs our easie hours:
Or vain imagin'd wrath, of vain imagin'd Pow'rs.

No *Tityus* torn by Vultures lies in Hell;
Nor cou'd the Lobes of his rank Liver swell
To that prodigious Mass for their eternal meal.

Not tho' his monstrous bulk had cover'd o're
Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand more;
Not tho' the Globe of Earth had been the Gy-
ants floor.

Nor in eternal torments cou'd he lie;
Nor cou'd his Corps sufficient food supply.
But he's the *Tityus*, who by Love oppress'd,
Or Tyrant Passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious thoughts is robb'd of rest.

The *Sisiphus* is he, whom noise and strife
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
To vex the Government, disturb the Laws,
Drunk with the Fumes of popular applause,
He courts the giddy Croud to make him great,
And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the Sovereign
For still to aim at Pow'r, and still to fail, (Seat.
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but in reason's true account
To heave the Stone against the rising Mount;
Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with pain,
Recoils & tumbles impetuous down, and smoaks along
Then still to treat thy ever craving mind (the plain,
With ev'ry blessing, and of ev'ry kind,
Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite,
Though years and seasons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
But still the Wolf within thee barks for more;

This

This is the Fable's Moral, which they tell
Of fifty foolish Virgins damn'd in Hell
To leaky Vessels, which the Liquor spill;
To Vessels of their Sex, which none cou'd ever fill.
As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,
The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e're can be.
But here on Earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due:
Racks, Prisons, Poisons, the *Tarpeian* Rock,
Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and suffocating Smoak,
And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
Th' avenging horror of a Conscious Mind,
Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And sees no end of Punishment and Woe:
But looks for more, at the last gasp of breath:
This makes an Hell on Earth, and Life a death.

Mean

Mean time, when thoughts of death disturb thy
head ;

Confider, *Ancus* great and good is dead ;

Ancus thy better far, was born to die,

And thou, dost thou bewail Mortality ?

So many Monarchs with their mighty State,

Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by Fate.

That haughty King, who Lorded o're the Main,

And whose stupendous Bridge did the wild Waves
restrain,

(In vain they foam'd, in vain thy threatned wreck,

While his proud Legions march'd upon their back:)

Him Death, a greater Monarch, overcame ;

Nor spar'd his Guards the more, for their immor-
tal name.

The *Roman* Chief, the *Carthaginian* Dread,

Scipio the Thunder-bolt of War is dead,

And like a common Slave, by fate in triumph led.

thy The Founders of invented Arts are lost;
 And Wits who made Eternity their boast;
 Where now is *Homer* who possesseth the Throne?
 Th' immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's
 gone.

Democritus perceiving age invade,
 His body weakn'd, and his mind decay'd,
 Obey'd the summons with a chearful face;
 Made haste to welcom death, and met him half the (race.
 That stroke, ev'n *Epicurus* cou'd not bar,
 Though he in Wit surpass'd Mankind, as far }
 As does the Midday Sun, the Midnight Star.
 And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
 Whose very life is little more than death?
 More than one half by lazy Sleep possesseth;
 And when awake, thy Soul but nods at best, }
 Day-Dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in }
 thy breast.

Eternal

Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to find;
But still uncertain, with thy self at strife,
Thou wander'st in the *Labyrinth* of Life.
O, if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
Cou'd find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodg'd within the breast,
Sure they wou'd change their course; nor live as
now,

Uncertain what to wish, or what to vow.
Uneasie both in Countrey and in Town,
They search a place to lay their burden down.
One restless in his Palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load.
But straight returns; for he's as restless there;
And finds there's no relief in open air.

Another to his *Villa* wou'd retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No sooner enter'd at his Country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore;
Or seeks the City which he left before.
Thus every man o're-works his weary will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill;
The shaking Fit returns and hangs upon him still.
No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease;
The Wretch is ignorant of his disease;
Which known wou'd all his fruitless trouble spare;
For he wou'd know the World not worth his care:
Then wou'd he search more deeply for the cause;
And study Nature well, and Nature's Laws:
For in this moment lies not the debate;
But on our future, fix'd, Eternal State;
That never changing State which all must keep
Whom Death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.

Why

Why are we then so fond of mortal Life,
Beset with dangers, and maintain'd with strife.
A Life which all our care can never save;
One fate attends us; and one common Grave.
Besides we tread but a perpetual round,
We ne'er strike out; but beat the former ground
And the same maukish Joys in the same track
are found.

For still we think an absent blessing best;
Which cloyes, and is no blessing when possess'd;
A new arising wish expels it from the Breast.
The Feav'rish thirst of Life increases still;
We call for more and more, and never have our fill;
Yet know not what to morrow we shall try,
What dregs of life in the last draught may lie.
Nor, by the longest life we can attain;
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his Eternal reign.

When

When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thread,
The Man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to day, and will as long be so,
As he who dy'd a thousand years ago.

LUCRE-

LUCRETIVS

The Fourth Book.

Concerning the Nature of Love;

Beginning at this Line,

Sic igitur, Veneris qui telis accipit ictum, &c.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

THus therefore, he who feels the Fiery dart
Of strong desire transfix his amorous heart,
Whether some beauteous Boy's alluring face,
Or lovelier Maid with unresisted grace,
From her each part the winged Arrow sends,
From whence he first was struck, he thither tends;
Restless he roams, impatient to be freed,
And eager to inject the sprightly Seed.
For fierce desire does all his mind employ,
And ardent Love assures approaching Joy.

Such

Such is the nature of that pleasing smart,
Whose burning drops distill upon the heart,
The Feaver of the Soul shot from the fair,
And the cold Ague of succeeding care.
If absent, her Idea still appears;
And her sweet name is chiming in your ears:
But strive those pleasing Phantoms to remove,
And shun th' Aerial images of Love;
That feed the flame: When one molests thy mind
Discharge thy Loyns on all the leaky kind;
For that's a wiser way than to restrain
Within thy swelling nerves, that hoard of pain.
For every hour some deadlier symptom shows,
And by delay the gath'ring venom grows,
When kindly applications are not us'd;
The Viper Love must on the wound be bruise'd:
On that one object 'tis not safe to stay,
But force the tide of thought some other way:

The squander'd Spirits prodigally throw,
And in the common Glebe of Nature sow.
Nor wants he all the blifs, that Lovers feign,
Who takes the pleasure, and avoids the pain;
For purer joys in purer health abound,
And less affect the sickly than the sound.
When Love its utmost vigour does imploy,
Ev'n then, 'tis but a restless wandring joy:
Nor knows the Lover, in that wild excess,
With hands or eyes, what first he wou'd possess:
But strains at all; and fast'ning where he strains,
Too closely presses with his frantique pains:
With biteing kisses hurts the twining fair,
Which shews his joys imperfect, unsincere:
For stung with inward rage, he flings around,
And strives t'avenge the smart on that which gave
the wound.

But Love those eager bitings does restrain,
And mingling pleasure mollifies the pain.
For ardent hope still flatters anxious grief,
And sends him to his Foe to seek relief:
Which yet the nature of the thing denies;
For Love, and Love alone of all our joys
By full possession does but fan the fire,
The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire.
Nautre for meat, and drink provides a space;
And when receiv'd they fill their certain place;
Hence thirst and hunger may be satisf'd,
But this repletion is to Love deny'd:
Form, Feature, Colour, whatsoe're delight
Provokes the Lovers endless appetite,
These fill no space, nor can we thence remove
With Lips, or Hands, or all our instruments of Love:
In our deluded grasp we nothing find,
But thin aerial shapes, that fleet before the mind.

As he who in a dream with drought is curst,
And finds no real drink to quench his thirst,
Runs to imagin'd Lakes his heat to steep,
And vainly swills and labours in his sleep;
So Love with Phantoms cheats our longing eyes,
Which hourly seeing never satisfies ;
Our hands pull nothing from the parts they strain,
But wander o're the lovely Limbs in vain :
Nor when the Youthful pair more closely joyn,
When hands in hands they lock, and thighs in thighs
Just in the raging foam of full desire, ^{(they twine}
When both press on, both murmur, both expire,
They gripe, they squeeze, their humid tongues
they dart,
As each wou'd force their way to t'others heart :
In vain ; they only cruze about the coast,
For bodies cannot pierce, nor be in bodies lost :
As sure they strive to be, when both ingage,
In that tumultuous momentany rage,

So

So 'tangled in the Nets of Love they lie,
 Till Man dissolves in that excess of joy.
 Then, when the gather'd bag has burst its way,
 And ebbing tydes the slacken'd nerves betray,
 A pause ensues ; and Nature nods a while,
 Till with recruited rage new Spirits boil ;
 And then the same vain violence returns,
 With flames renew'd th' erected furnace burns.
 Agen they in each other wou'd be lost,
 But still by adamantine bars are crost ;
 All wayes they try, successless all they prove,
 To cure the secret sore of ling'ring Love.

Besides——

They waste their strength in the venereal strife,
 And to a Womans will enslave their Life ;
 Th' Estate runs out, and Mortgages are made,
 All Offices of friendship are decay'd ;
 Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame betray'd.

Affyrian Ointment from their Temples flows,
And Diamond Buckles sparkle at their Shooes.
The chearful Emerald twinkles on their hands,
With all the luxury of foreign Lands :
And the blew Coat that with imbroid'ry shines,
Is drunk with sweat of their o're labour'd Loyns.
Their frugal Fathers gains they mis-employ,
And turn to Point, and Pearl, and ev'ry female toy.
French fashions, costly treats are their delight ;
The Park by day, and Plays and Balls by night.
In vain :——
For in the Fountain where their Sweets are sought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught.
First Guilty Conscience does the mirrour bring,
Then sharp remorse shoots out her angry sting,
And anxious thoughts within themselves at strife,
Upbraid the long mispent, luxurious Life.

Perhaps

Perhaps the fickle Fair One proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful word, that pains his mind ;
And leaves a ranckling jealousie behind.

Perhaps he watches close her amorous eyes,
And in the act of Ogling does surprise ;
And thinks he sees upon her Cheeks the while,
The dimpled tracks of some foregoing smile :
His raging Pulse beats thick, and his spent Spirits
boil.

This is a product ev'n of prosp'rous Love,
Think then what pangs disast'rous passions prove!
Innumerable Ills ; disdain, despair,
With all the Meager Family of care :
Thus, as I said, 'tis better to prevent,
Than flatter the Disease, and late repent :
Because to shun th' allurements is not hard,
To minds resolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd :

But wond'rous difficult, when once beset,
To struggle thro' the streights, and break th' invol-
ving Net.

Yet thus insnar'd thy freedom thou may'st gain,
If, like a Fool, thou dost not hug thy chain;
If not to ruin obstinately blind,
And willfully endeavouring not to find,
Her plain defects of body and of mind. }
For thus the *Bedlam* train of Lovers use,
T' inhaunce the value, and the faults excuse.
And therefore 'tis no wonder if we see
They doat on Dowdyes, and Deformity :
Ev'n what they cannot praise, they will not blame,
But veil with some extenuating name :
The Sallow Skin is for the Swarthy put,
And Love can make a Slattern of a Slut :
If Cat-ey'd, then a *Pallas* is their Love,
If freckled she's a party-colour'd Dove.

If little, then she's Life and Soul all o're :
An *Amazon*, the large two handed Whore.
She stammers, oh what grace in lisping lies,
If she says nothing, to be sure she's wife.
If shrill, and with a voice to drown a Quire,
Sharp witted she must be, and full of fire.
The lean, consumptive Wench with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and slender Maid.
Th' o're-grown, a goodly *Ceres* is exprest,
A bed-fellow for *Bacchus* at the least.
Flat Nose the name of Satyr never misses,
And hanging blobber lips, but pout for kisses.
The task were endless all the rest to trace :
Yet grant she were a *Venus* for her face,
And shape, yet others equal beauty share ;
And time was you cou'd live without the fair :
She does no more, in that for which you woo,
Then homelier women full as well can do.

Besides the daubs, and stinks so much of paint,
Her own Attendants cannot bear the scent :
But laugh behind, and bite their lips to hold ;
Mean time excluded, and expos'd to cold,
The whining Lover stands before the Gates,
And there with humble adoration waits :
Crowning with flow'rs the threshold and the floor,
And printing kisses on th' obdurate door :
Who if admitted in that nick of time,
If some unfav'ry Whiff, betray the crime,
Invents a quarrel straight, if there be none,
Or makes some faint excuses to be gone :
And calls himself a doating Fool to serve,
Ascribing more than Woman can deserve.
Which well they understand like cunning Queens ;
And hide their nastiness behind the Scenes.
From him they have allur'd, and wou'd retain,
But to a piercing Eye, 'tis all in vain :

For common sense brings all their cheats to view,
 And the false light discovers by the true :
 Which a wise Harlot owns, and hopes to find
 A pardon for defects, that run through all the kind.
 Nor always do they feign the sweets of Love,
 When round the panting Youth their pliant limbs
 they move ;
 And cling, and heave, and moisten ev'ry kiss,
 They often share, and more than share the bliss :
 From every part, ev'n to their inmost Soul,
 They feel the trickling joys, and run with vigour
 to the Goal.

Stirr'd with the same impetuous desire
 Birds, Beasts, and Herds, and Mares, their Males re-
 (quire :
 Because the throbbing Nature in their veins
 Provokes them to assuage their kindly pains :
 The lusty leap th' expecting Female stands,
 By mutual heat compell'd to mutual bands.

Thus

Thus Dogs with lolling Tongues by love are ty'd;
 Nor shouting Boys, nor blows their union can divide:
 At either end they strive the linck to loose;
 In vain, for stronger *Venus* holds the noose.
 Which never wou'd those wretched Lovers do,
 But that the common heats of Love they know;
 The pleasure therefore must be shar'd in common
 too.

And when the Woman's more prevailing juice
 Sucks in the Man's, the mixture will produce
 The Mother's likeness; when the Man prevails,
 His own resemblance in the Seed he seals.
 But when we see the new begotten Race
 Reflect the features of each Parent's face,
 Then of the Father's and the Mother's blood,
 The justly temper'd Seed is understood:
 When both conspire, with equal ardour bent,
 From every limb the due proportion sent,

When

When neither party foils, when neither foil'd,
This gives the blended features of the Child.
Sometimes the Boy, the Grandfire's Image bears;
Sometimes the more remote Progenitor he shares;
Because the genial Atoms of the Seed
Lie long conceal'd e're they exert the breed:
And after sundry Ages past, produce
The tardy likeness of the latent Juice.
Hence Families such different figures take,
And represent their Ancestors in face and hair,
and make.

Because of the same Seed, the voice, and hair,
And shape, and face, and other members are,
And the same antick mould the likeness does
prepare.

Thus oft the Father's likeness does prevail
In Females, and the Mother's in the Male.

For since the Seed is of a double kind.
From that where we the most resemblance find,
We may conclude the strongest tincture sent,
And that was in conception prevalent.
Nor can the vain decrees of Pow'rs above,
Deny production to the act of Love,
Or hinder Fathers of that happy name,
Or with a barren Womb the Matron shame;
As many think, who stain with Victims blood
The mournful Altars, and with Incense load:
To bless the show'ry seed with future Life,
And to impregnate the well-labour'd Wife.
In vain they weary Heav'n with Prayer, or fly
To Oracles, or Magick numbers try:
For barrenness of Sexes will proceed.
Either from too Condens'd, or watry Seed;
The watry juice too soon dissolves away,
And in the parts projected will not stay;

The too Condens'd, unsould, unwieldly mass
Drops short, nor carries to the destin'd place :
Nor pierces to the parts, nor, though injected home,
Will mingle with the kindly moisture of the Womb.
For Nuptials are unlike in their success,
Some Men, with fruitful Seed some Women bless;
And from some Men some Women fruitful are ;
Just as their Constitutions joyn or jarr :
And many, seeming barren Wives have been,
Who, after match'd with more prolific Men,
Have fill'd a Family with prattling Boys :
And many not supply'd at home with joys,
Have found a Friend abroad, to ease their smart,
And to perform the Sapless Husband's part.
So much it does import, that Seed with Seed
Shou'd of the kindly mixture make the breed :
And thick with thin, and thin with thick shou'd
So to produce and propagate the Line. (joyn,

Of such concernment too is Drink and Food,
T'incrassate, or attenuate the blood.

Of like importance is the posture too,
In which the genial feat of Love we do:
For as the Females of the four foot kind,
Receive the leapings of their Males behind ;
So the good Wives with Loins uplifted high,
And leaning on their hands the fruitful stroke
may try :

For in that posture will they best conceive :
Not when supinely laid they frisk and heave ;
For active motions only break the blow,
And more of Strumpets than of Wives they show ;
When answering stroke with stroke, the mingled
liquors flow.

Endearments eager, and too brisk a bound,
Throws off the Plow-share from the furrow'd
ground.

But

But common Harlots in conjunction heave,
Because 'tis less their business to conceive
Than to delight, and to provoke the deed ;
A trick which honest Wives but little need.
Nor is it from the Gods, or *Cupid's* dart,
That many a homely woman takes the heart ;
But Wives well humour'd, dutiful, and chaste,
And clean, will hold their wandring Husbands fast,
Such are the links of Love, and such a Love will
last.

For what remains, long habitude, and use,
Will kindness in domestick Bands produce :
For Custom will a strong impression leave ;
Hard bodies, which the lightest stroke receive,
In length of time, will moulder and decay,
And stones with drops of rain are wash'd away.

From LUCRETIIUS

Book the Fifth.

Tum porrò puer, &c.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

THUS like a Sayler by the tempest hurl'd
 A shore, the Babe is shipwrack'd on the
 World:

Naked he lies, and ready to expire;

Helpless of all that humane wants require:

Expos'd upon unhospitable Earth,

From the first moment of his hapless Birth.

Straight with foreboding cries he fills the Room;

(Too true presages of his future doom.)

But Flocks, and Herds, and every Savage Beast

By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.

38 101

They

They want no Rattles for their froward mood,
 Nor Nurse to reconcile them too their food,
 With broken words ; nor Winter blasts they fear
 Nor change their habits with the changing year:
 Nor for their safety, Citadels prepare ;
 Nor forge the wicked Instruments of War :
 Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous treasure grants,
 And Nature's lavish hands supplies their commo
 wants.

H 2

THEOCRIT.

Theocrit. Idyllium the 18th.

THE
EPITHALAMIUM
OF
HELEN and MENELAUS.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

TWelve *Spartan* Virgins, noble, young, and fair,
With Violet wreaths adorn'd their flowing hair;

And to the pompous Palace did resort,
Where *Menelaus* kept his Royal Court.

There hand in hand a comely Quire; they led;
To sing a blessing to his Nuptial Bed,
With curious Needles wrought, and painted flowers bespred.

Jove's

Jove's beauteous Daughter now his Bride must be,
 And *Jove* himself was less a God than he:
 For this their artful hands instruct the Lute to sound,
 Their feet assist their hands and justly beat the
 ground.

This was their song : Why happy Bridegroom, why
 E're yet the Stars are kindl'd in the Skie,
 E're twilight shades, or Evening dews are shed,
 Why dost thou steal so soon away to Bed ?
 Has *Somnus* brush'd thy Eye-lids with his Rod,
 Or do thy Legs refuse to bear their Load,
 With flowing bowls of a more generous God ?
 If gentle slumber on thy Temples creep,
 (But naughty Man thou dost not mean to sleep)
 Betake thee to thy Bed thou drowzy Drone,
 Sleep by thy self and leave thy Bride alone :
 Go leave her with her Maiden Mates to play
 At sports more harmless, till the break of day :

Give us this Evening ; thou hast Morn and Night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy Youth ! to thee among the crowd
Of Rival Princes, *Cupid* sneez'd aloud ;
And every lucky *Omen* sent before,
To meet thee Landing on the *Spartan* shore.
Of all our *Heroes* thou canst boast alone,
That *Jove*, when e're he Thunders, calls thee Son:
Betwixt two Sheets thou shalt enjoy her bare ;
With whom no *Grecian* Virgin can compare :
So soft, so sweet, so balmy and so fair.
A boy, like thee, wou'd make a Kingly line :
But oh, a Girl, like her, must be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelve score *Virago's* of the *Spartan* Race,
While naked to *Eurota's* banks we bend,
And there in manly exercise contend,

When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost ;
 And hide the beauties that we made our boast.
 So, when the Night, and Winter disappear,
 The purple morning rising with the year
 Salutes the Spring, as her Celestial eyes
 Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies :
 So beauteous *Helen* shines among the rest,
 Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces blest :
 As Pines the Mountains, or as Fields the Corn,
 Or as *Theſſalian* Steeds the race adorn :
 So Rosie colour'd *Helen* is the pride
 Of *Lacedemon*, and of *Greece* beside.
 Like her no Nymph can willing Ozyers bend
 In basket-works, which painted streaks commend :
 With *Pallas* in the Loomb she may contend.
 But none, ah none can animate the Lyre,
 And the mute strings with Vocal Souls inspire,

Whether the Learn'd *Minerva* be her Theam,
Or chaste *Diana* bathing in the Stream;
None can record their Heavenly praise so well
As *Helen*, in whose eyesten thousand *Cupids* dwell.
O Fair, O Graceful! yet with Maids inroll'd,
But whom to morrow's Sun a Matron shall behold:
Yet e're to morrow's Sun shall show his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread,
For Crowns and Chaplets to adorn thy head. }
Where all shall weep, and wish for thy return,
As bleating Lambs their absent mother mourn.
Our Noblest Maids shall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of *Lotos*, form'd into a wreath.
This Monument thy Maiden beauties due,
High on a Plane tree shall be hung to view:
On the smooth rind the Passenger shall see
Thy Name ingrav'd; and worship *Helen's* Tree;

Balm, from a Silver box distill'd around,
 Shall all bedew the roots, and scent the Sacred

The balm, 'tis true, can aged Plants prolong,

But *Helen's* name will keep it ever young.

Hail Bride, hail Bridegroom, Son in Law to *Jove*!

With fruitful joys, *Latona* blest your Love;

Let *Venus* furnish you with full desires,

Add vigour to your wills and fuel to your fires:

Almighty *Jove* augment your wealthy store,

Give much to you, and to his Grandsons more.

From generous Loyns a generous Race will spring,

Each Girl, like her, a Queen; each Boy, like you,

a King.

Now sleep if sleep you can; but while you rest,

Sleep close, with folded arms, and breast to breast.

Rise in the morn; but oh, before you rise,

Forget not to perform your morning Sacrifice.

We will be with you e're the crowing Cock
Salutes the light, and struts before his feather'd
Flock :

Hymen, oh *Hymen*, to thy Triumphs run,
And view the mighty Spoils thou hast in Battle
won.

Idyllium

Idyllium the 23d.

T H E

Despairing L O V E R.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

With inauspicious Love, a wretched Swain
Persu'd the fairest Nymph of all the Plain;

Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,

She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair:

Her Heavenly form too haughtily she priz'd,

His Person hated, and his Gifts despis'd:

Nor knew the force of *Cupid's* cruel Darts,

Nor fear'd his awful pow'r on Humane Hearts;

But either from her hopeless Lover fled,

Or with disdainful glances shot him dead.

No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping Boy:

No word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.

But

But as a hunted Panther casts about
Her glaring eyes, and pricks her list'ning ears to (scout,
So she, to shun his Toyls, her cares imploy'd,
And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd. (frown,
Her mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught to
Her eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown :
Her fallow Cheeks her envious mind did show,
And every feature spoke aloud the curstness of
a Shrew.

Yet cou'd not he his obvious Fate escape,
His love still drest her in a pleasing shape :
And every sullen frown, and bitter scorn
But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn.
Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,
He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain :
At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief
With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief.

With Tears so tender, as adorn'd his Love ;
 And any heart, but only hers wou'd move :
 Trembling before her bolted doors he stood ;
 And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood :
 Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look ;
 Then kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke.

Ah Nymph more cruel than of Human Race,
 Thy Tygress Heart belies thy Angel Face :
 Too well thou show'st thy Pedigree from Stone ;
 Thy Grandames was the first by *Pyrrha* thrown :
 Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd ;
 But so my Love, and so my Fate requir'd.
 I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live ;
 But take this gift, the last that I can give.
 This friendly Cord shall soon decide the strife,
 Betwixt my ling'ring Love and loathsome life ;
 This moment puts an end to all my pain ;
 I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.

Fare-

Farewell ungrateful and unkind, I go
Condemn'd by thee to those sad Shades below.
I go th' extreamest Remedy to prove,
To drink Oblivion, and to drench my Love.
There happily to lose my long desires :
But ah, what draught so deep to quench my fires !
Farewel ye never opening Gates, ye Stones
And Threshold guilty of my Midnight Moans :
What I have suffer'd here ye know too well ;
What I shall do the Gods and I can tell.
The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in time,
The Violet sweet, but quickly past the prime ;
White Lillies hang their heads and soon decay,
And whiter Snow in minutes melts away :
Such is your blooming youth, and withering so ;
The time will come, it will, when you shall know
The rage of Love ; your haughty heart shall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.

Obdurate

Obdurate as you are, oh, hear at least
My dying prayers, and grant my last request!
When first you ope your doors, and passing by
The sad ill Omen'd Object meets your Eye,
Think it not lost, a moment if you stay;
The breathless wretch, so made by you, survey:
Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,
To view the mighty ravage of your Eyes.
I wish, (but oh my wish is vain I fear,)
The kind Oblation of a falling Tear:
Then loose the knot, and take me from the place,
And spread your Mantle o're my grizly Face;
Upon my livid Lips bestow a kiss:
O envy not the dead, they feel not bliss!
Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath;
Even you are not more pitiless than death.
Then for my Corps a homely Grave provide,
Which Love and me from publick Scorn may hide.

Thrice call upon my Name, thrice beat your breast
And hayl me thrice to everlasting rest :

Last let my Tomb this sad inscription bear,
A wretch whom Love has kill'd lies buried here :
Oh, Passengers *Aminta's* Eyes beware.

Thus having said, and furious with his Love;
He heav'd with more than humane force, to move
A weighty Stone, (the labour of a Team,)
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the Neighbour-

ing Beam :

Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws ;
And fitted to his Neck the fatal noose :
Then spurning backward took a swing, till death
Crept up, and stopt the passage of his breath.
The bounce burst ope the door ; the scornful Fair
Relentless lookt, and saw him beat his quivering feet
Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye, ^{(in Air,}
Nor took him down, but brusht regardless by :

And

And as she past, her chance or fate was such,
Her Garments toucht the dead, polluted by the
touch.

Next to the dance, thence to the Bath did move ;
The bath was sacred to the God of Love :
Whose injur'd Image, with a wrathful Eye,
Stood threatning from a Pedestal on high :
Nodding a while ; and watchful of his blow,
He fell ; and falling crusht th' ungrateful Nymph
below :

Her gushing Blood the Pavement all besmear'd ;
And this her last expiring Voice was heard ;
Lovers farewell, revenge has reacht my scorn ;
Thus warn'd, be wise, and Love for Love return.

DAPHNIS.

From *Theocritus Idyll. 27.*

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

Daphnis.

THe Shepheard *Paris* bore the *Spartan* Bride
By force away, and then by force enjoy'd;
But I by free consent can boast a bliss,
A fairer *Helen*, and a sweeter kiss.

Chloris Kisses are empty joys and soon are o're.

Daph. A Kiss betwixt the Lips is something more.

Chlo. I wipe my Mouth and where's your kissing
then?

Daph. I swear you wipe it to be kiss'd agen.

Chlo. Go tend your Herd, and kiss your Cows at
home;

I am a Maid, and in my Beauties bloom.

Daph. 'Tis

Daph. 'Tis well remember'd, do not waste your time;

But wisely use it e're you pass your prime.

Chlo. Blown Roses hold their sweetness to the last,

And Raisins keep their luscious native taste.

Daph. The Sun's too hot; those Olive shades are
near;

I fain wou'd whisper something in your ear.

Chlo. 'Tis honest talking where we may be seen,
God knows what secret mischief you may
mean;

I doubt you'll play the Wag and kiss agen.

Daph. At least beneath yon' Elm you need not fear;

My Pipe's in tune, if you're dispos'd to hear.

Chlo. Play by your self, I dare not venture thither:

You, and your naughty Pipe go hang together.

Daph. Coy Nymph beware, lest *Venus* you offend:

Chlo. I shall have chaste *Diana* still to friend.

Daph. You have a Soul, and *Cupid* has a Dart ;

Chlo. *Diana* will defend, or heal my heart.

Nay, fie what mean you in this open place
Unhand me, or, I swear, I'll scratch your face.
Let go for shame ; you make me mad for
spight ;

My mouth's my own ; and if you kiss I'll bite.

Daph. Away with your dissembling Female tricks.

What wou'd you 'scape the fate of all your
Sex ?

Chlo. I swear I'll keep my Maidenhead till death,
And die as pure as *Queen Elizabeth*.

Daph. Nay mum for that ; but let me lay thee down ;
Bettter with me, than with some nauseous
Clown.

Chlo. I'de have you know, if I were so inclin'd,
I have bin wo'd by many a wealthy Hind ;
But never found a Husband to my mind.

Daph. But

Daph. But they are absent all ; and I am here ;

Chlo. The Matrimonial Yoke is hard to bear ;

And Marriage is a woful word to hear,

Daph. A scar Crow, set to frighten fools away ;

Marriage has joys ; and you shall have a say.

Chlo. Sour sawce is often mix'd with our delight,

You kick by day more than you kiss by
night.

Daph. Sham stories all ; but say the worst you can,

A very Wife fears neither God nor Man.

Chlo. But Child-birth is they say, a deadly pain ;

It costs at least a Month to knit again,

Daph. *Diana* cures the wounds *Lucina* made ;

Your Goddess is a Midwife by her Trade.

Chlo. But I shall spoil my Beauty if I bear.

Daph. But Mam and Dad are pretty names to hear,

Chlo. But there's a Civil question us'd of late ?

Where lies my jointure, where your own

Estate ?

I 3

Daph. My

Daph. My Flocks, my Fields, my Wood, my Pastures take,

With settlement as good as Law can make.

Chlo. Swear then you will not leave me on the common,

But marry me, and make an honest Woman.

Daph. I swear by *Pan* (tho' he wears horns you'll say)

Cudgell'd and kick'd, I'll not be forc'd away.

Chlo. I bargain for a Wedding Bed at least,
A house, and handsome Lodging for a Guest.

Daph. A house well furnish'd shall be thine to keep;
And for a Flock-bed I can shear my Sheep.

Chlo. What Tale shall I to my old Father tell?

Daph. 'Twill make him Chuckle thou'rt bestow'd
so well.

Chlo. But

Chlo. But after all, in troth I am to blame
To be so loving, e're I know your Name.
A pleasant sounding name's a pretty thing:

Daph. Faith, mine's a very pretty name to sing;
They call me *Daphnis*: *Lycidas* my Syre,
Both sound as well as Woman can desire.

Nomæa bore me; Farmers in degree,
He a good Husband, a good Houfwife she.

Chlo. Your kindred is not much amifs, 'tis true,
Yet I am somewhat better born than you.

Daph. I know your Father, and his Family;
And without boasting am as good as he
Menelaus; and no Master goes before.

Chlo. Hang both our Pedigrees; not one word
more;

But if you love me let me see your Living,
Your House and Home; for seeing is be-
lieving.

Daph. See first yon *Cypress* Grove, (a shade from
noon ;) :

Chlo. Browse on my goats ; for I'll be with you
soon.

Daph. Feed well my *Bulls*, to whet your appetite ;
That each may take a lusty Leap at Night.

Chlo. What do you mean (uncivil as you are,) (bare?
To touch my breasts, and leave my bosom

Daph. These pretty bubbles first I make my own.

Chlo. Pull out your hand, I swear, or I shall swoon.

Daph. Why does thy ebbing blood forsake thy face?

Chlo. Throw me at least upon a cleaner place :
My Linnen ruffled, and my Waistcoat soyling,
What do you think new Cloaths were made
for spoyling ?

Daph. I'll lay my Lambskins underneath thy back:

Chlo. My Head Geer's off ; what filthy work
you make !

Daph. To

Daph. To *Venus* first, I lay these off'rings by;

Chlo. Nay first look round, that no body be nigh:
Methinks I hear a whisp'ring in the Grove.

Daph. The *Cypress* Trees are telling Tales of Love.

Chlo. You tear off all behind me, and before me;
And I'm as naked as my Mother bore me.

Daph. I'll buy thee better Cloaths than these I tear,
And lie so close, I'll cover thee from Air.

Chlo. Y'are liberal now; but when your turn is
sped,
You'll wish me choak'd with every crust of
Bread.

Daph. I'll give thee more, much more than I have
told;

Wou'd I cou'd coyn my very heart to Gold.

Chlo. Forgive thy Handmaid (Huntress of the
wood.)

I see there's no resisting flesh and blood!

Daph. The

Daph. The noble deed is done ; my Herds I'll cull ;
Cupid, be thine a Calf ; and *Venus*, thine a Bull.

Chlo. A Maid I came, in an unlucky hour,
But hence return, without my Virgin flour.

Daph. A Maid is but a barren Name at best ;
If thou canst hold, I bid for Twins at least.

Thus did this happy Pair their love dispence
With mutual joys, and gratifi'd their sense ;
The God of Love was there a bidden Guest ;
And present at his own Mysterious Feast.
His azure Mantle underneath he spread,
And scatter'd Roses on the Nuptial Bed ;
While folded in each others arms they lay,
He blew the flames, and furnish'd out the play,
And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy sweat
away.

First rose the Maid and with a glowing Face,
Her down cast eyes beheld her print upon the grass;
Thence to her Herd she sped her self in haste:
The Bridegroom started from his Trance at last,
And piping homeward jocundly he past.

Horat

Horat. Ode 3. Lib. 1.

*Inscrib'd to the Earl of Roscomon,
on his intended Voyage to
IRELAND.*

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

SO may th' auspicious Queen of Love,
And the twin Stars, (the Seed of *Jove*,)
And he, who rules the raging Wind
To thee, O Sacred Ship, be kind,
And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,
Supplying soft *Etesian* Gales,
As thou to whom the Muse commends,
The best of Poets and of Friends,
Dost thy committed Pledge restore:
And land him safely on the shore:

And save the better part of me,
 From perishing with him at Sea.
 Sure he, who first the passage try'd,
 In harden'd Oak his heart did hide,
 And ribs of Iron arm'd his side!
 Or his at least, in hollow wood,
 Who tempted first the briny Flood :
 Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
 Nor billows beating on the Shore ;
 Nor *Hyades* portending Rain ;
 Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
 What form of death cou'd him affright,
 Who unconcern'd with stedfast fight,
 Cou'd view the Surges mounting steep,
 And Monsters rolling in the deep ?
 Cou'd through the ranks of ruin go,
 With Storms above, and Rocks below !

In vain did Nature's wise command,
Divide the Waters from the Land,
If daring Ships, and Men prophane,
Invade th' inviolable Main:
Th' eternal Fences over leap;
And pass at will the boundless deep.
To toil, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious Man inur'd to pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden Quarry flies.
Thus bold *Prometheus* did aspire,
And stole from Heaven the seed of Fire:
A train of Ills, a ghastly Crew,
The Robbers blazing track pursue;
Fierce Famine, with her Meagre face,
And Feavers of the fiery Race,
In swarms th' offending Wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground:

And

And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not *Dedalus* beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in Air :
To Hell *Alcides* forc'd his way,
Plung'd through the Lake, and snatch'd the Prey.
Nay scarce the Gods, or Heav'nly Climes
Are safe from our audacious Crimes ;
We reach at *Jove's* Imperial Crown,
And pull the unwilling thunder down.

HORACE

Horace Lib. I. Ode 9.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

I.

BEhold yon Mountains hoary height
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
Again behold the Winters weight
Oppress the lab'ring Woods below:
And streams with Icy Fetters bound,
Benum'd and cramp't to solid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd Logs dissolve the cold
And feed the genial hearth with fires;
Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
And sprightly Wit and Love inspires:
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone with what he made,
To tofs and turn the World below ;
At his command the storms invade ;
The winds by his Commiffion blow ;
Till with a Nod he bids 'em ceafe,
And then the Calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To morrow and her works defie,
Lay hold upon the present hour,
And fnatch the pleasures paffing by,
To put them out of Fortune's pow'r :
Nor Love, nor Love's delights difdain,
What e're thou get'ft to day is gain.

V.

Secure those golden early joys,
That Youth unsowr'd with sorrow bears,
E're with'ring time the taste destroys,
With sickness and unweildy years !
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possest ;
The best is but in season best.

VI.

The pointed hour of promis'd bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kifs,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind Nymph wou'd coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again,
These, these are joys the Gods for Youth ordain.

Horat. Ode 29. Book 3.

Paraphras'd in *Pindarique* Verse;

AND

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable

Lawrence Earl of Rochester.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

I.

DEscended of an ancient Line,
That long the *Tuscan* Scepter sway'd,

Make haste to meet the generous wine,

Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:

The rosie wreath is ready made;

And artful hands prepare

The fragrant *Syrian* Oyl, that shall perfume thy hair.

K 2

When

II.

When the Wine sparkles from a far,
And the well-natur'd Friend cries, come away;
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care,
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.

III.

Leave for a while thy costly Country Seat;
And to be Great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the Great:
Make haste and come :
Come and forsake thy cloying store ;
Thy Turret that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of *Rome*;
And all the busie pageantry
That wise men scorn, and fools adore :
Come, give thy Soul a loose, and taste the pleasure
(of the poor
Some

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of Poverty:
A savoury Dish, a homely Treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious Room,
The *Persian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the Great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The *Syrian* Star
* Barks from a far;
And with his sultry breath infects the Sky;
The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns above us
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock, (fry.
Beneath the covert of a Rock;

And

And seeks refreshing Rivulets nigh :
The *Sylvans* to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams, new shades and
streams require ;
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the rage-
(ing fire.

IV.

Thou, what befits the new Lord May'r,
And what the City Faction dare,
And what the *Gallique* Arms will do,
And what the Quiver bearing Foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know :
But God has, wisely, hid from humane sight
The dark decrees of future fate ;
And sown their seeds in depth of night ;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of State ;
When Mortals search too soon, and fear too late.
Enjoy

VII.

Enjoy the present smiling hour ;

And put it out of Fortune's pow'r :

The tide of bus'ness, like the running stream,

Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,

A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,

And always in extream.

Now with a noiseless gentle course

It keeps within the middle Bed ;

Anon it lifts aloft the head,

And bears down all before it, with impetuous force :

And trunks of Trees come rowling down,

Sheep and their Folds together drown :

Both House and Homestead into Seas are born,

And Rocks are from their old foundations torn,

And Woods made thin with winds, their scatter'd
(honours mourn,

VIII.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to day his own :
He, who secure within, can say
To morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate are mine.
Not Heav'n it self upon the past has pow'r;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

IX.

Fortune, that with malicious joy,
Does Man her slave oppress,
Proud of her Office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless.
Still various and unconstant still;
But with an inclination to be ill;
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a Lottery of life.

I can enjoy her while she's kind ;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the Prostitute away :

The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd :
Content with poverty, my Soul, I arm ;
And Vertue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
Who never fail in her unfaithful Sea,
If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black ;
If the Mast split and threaten wreck,
Then let the greedy Merchant fear
For his ill gotten gain ;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His Wealth into the Main.

While

For me secure from Fortune's blows,
(Secure of what I cannot lose,)
In my small Pinnacle I can fail,
Contemning all the blustering roar ;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly Stars my safety seek
Within some little winding Creek ;
And see the storm a-shore.

FROM

FROM
H O R A C E,

Epod. 2d.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

HOw happy in his low degree,
How rich in humble Poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet Country life !
Discharg'd of business, void of Strife,
And from the griping Scrivener free.
(Thus e're the Seeds of Vice were sown,
Liv'd Men in better Ages born,
Who Plow'd with Oxen of their own
Their small paternal field of Corn.)
Nor Trumpets summon him to War,
Nor Drums disturb his morning Sleep,
Nor knows he Merchants gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.

The

The clamours of contentious Law,
And Court and State he wisely shuns,
Nor brib'd with hopes nor dar'd with awe
To servile Salutations runs:
But either to the clasping Vine
Does the supporting Poplar wed,
Or with his pruning Hook disjoyn
Unbearing Branches from their Head,
And grafts more happy in their stead:
Or climbing to a hilly Steep
He views his Herds in Vales afar
Or Sheers his overburden'd Sheep,
Or Mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of Virgin Honey in the Jars.
Or in the now declining year
When bounteous *Autumn* rears his head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,
And clust'ring Grapes with Purple spread.

The fairest of this his fruit he serves,

Priapus thy rewards :

Sylvanus too his part deserves,

Whose care the fences guards.

Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,

Or on the matted grass he lies ;

No God of Sleep he need invoke,

The stream that o're the pebbles flies

With gentle slumber crowns his Eyes.

The Wind that whistles through the sprays

Maintains the consort of the Song ;

And hidden Birds with native lays

The golden sleep prolong.

But when the blast of Winter blow ;

And hoary frosts inverts the year,

Into the naked Woods he goes

And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,

With well-mouth'd Hounds and pointed Spear.

Or

Or spreads his subtle Nets from fight

With twinckling glasses to betray

The Larks that in the Meshes light,

Or makes the fearful Hare his Prey.

Amidst his harmless easie Joys

No anxious care invades his health,

Nor Love his peace of mind destroys,

Nor wicked avarice of Wealth.

But if a chast and pleasing Wife,

To ease the business of his Life,

Divides with him his household care,

Such as the *Sabine* Matrons were,

Such as the swift *Apulians* Bride,

Sunburnt and swarthy tho' she be,

Will fire for Winter Nights provide,

And without noise will oversee,

His Children and his Family,

And order all things till he come,

Sweaty and overlabour'd, home ;

If she in Pens his Flocks will fold,
 And then produce her Dairy store,
 With Wine to drive away the cold,
 And unbought dainties of the poor;
 Not Oysters of the *Lucrine Lake*
 My sober appetite wou'd wish,
 Nor *Turbet*, or the Foreign Fish
 That rowling Tempests overtake,
 And hither waft the costly Dish.
 Not *Heathpout*, or the rarer Bird,
 Which *Phasis*, or *Ionia* yields,
 More pleasing morsels wou'd afford
 Than the fat Olives of my Fields;
 Than Shards or Mallows for the pot,
 That keep the loosen'd Body sound,
 Or than the Lamb that falls by Lot,
 To the just Guardian of my ground,

Amidst

Amidst these feasts of happy Swains,
The jolly Shepherd smiles to see
His flock returning from the Plains ;
The Farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his Oxen, sweating smoak,
Bear on their Necks the loos'n'd Yoke.
To look upon his menial Crew,
That sit around his cheerful hearth,
And bodies spent in toil renew
With wholesome Food and Country Mirth.
This *Morecraft* said within himself ;
Resolv'd to leave the wicked Town,
And live retir'd upon his own ;
He call'd his Mony in :
But the prevailing love of pelf,
Soon split him on the former shelf,
And put it out again.

Part of *Virgils* 4th. *Georgick*.

Englified by an unknown Hand.

Aristeus, having lost his Bees, goes by his Mother's direction to Proteus to know why the Gods had sent this Plague; Proteus tells him they sent it to revenge the injury he had done Orpheus, in being the cause of his Bride's death, and so goes on with the Story of his Passion.

NOW scorching *Sirius* burnt the thirsty Moors,
 And Seas contracted left their naked shores;
 The Earth lay chop'd, no Spring supply'd his flood,
 And mid-day Rays boyl'd up the streams to mud:
 When *Proteus* coming to his usual Cave,
 The Sea Calf following spouts the brackish wave:
 Spread o're the sand the scatter'd Monsters lay,
 He (like a Shepherd at the close of day,

When

When Heifers seek their stalls, and round a Rock
The bleating Lambs the hungry Wolves provoke }
Sits mid't the Beach, and counts the scaly flock. }
Scarce was he laid, scarce sleep had seal'd his eyes,
When *Aristeus*, eager to surprise,
Invades and binds him: Strait he starts and roars,
And with shrill noises fills the ecchoing shores:
He flies to his old Arts and strives to 'scape,
By frequent change, and varying of his shape:
All monstrous forms put on, he would appear
A Flame, a Flood, a Lion, or a Bear:
When nought avail'd he turn'd himself again;
And thus spoke, with the accent of a Man:
By whose advice hast thou so rashly prest,
Bold Youth, on me? And what do'st thou request?
You know, Great God, you know, the Swain
reply'd,
For who can cheat you? who his wants can hide?

But

But strive to change no more : I humbly come,
 And by the Gods commands, to know my doom :
 For what I'm punish'd, whence these plagues arose,
 And by what means I may retrieve my loss:
 This said, the angry God with fury shook,
 His eyes shot flame, and horror chang'd his look,
 He gnash'd his teeth, and thus at last he spoke.

No common Gods, no common Gods pursue,
 Thou suffer'st what to thy great Crimes is due ;
 At wretched *Orpheus* suit these plagues commence,
 Tho' (fate being kind) too small for thy offence.
 To Heavens strict Justice he his wrongs apply'd,
 And call'd down vengeance for his perish'd Bride :
 She, while she fled from thee, unhappy Maid,
 By heedless fear to treacherous Banks betray'd,
 Ne're saw the Snake glide o're the grassie ground,
 But e're she knew the foe, she felt the wound :

Her fellow *Dryads* fill'd the Hills with cries,
In groans the soften'd *Rhodope* replies ;
Rough *Thrace* the *Getes*, and *Hebrus* Streams lament,
Forget their fury, and in grief consent :
While he to doleful tunes his strings does move,
And strove to solace his uneasy Love :
Thee, Thee, Dear Bride, on Desert shores alone
He mourn'd at rising, and at setting Sun :
His restless Love did natural fears-expel,
He dar'd to enter the black Jaws of Hell,
He saw the Grove, where gloomy horrors spread,
The Ghosts and gastly Tyrant of the dead ;
With those rough Powers, that there severely reign,
Unus'd to pity, when poor men complain :

He strook his harp, and strait a numerous throng
Of Airy People fled to hear the Song,

Thither vast troops of wretched Lovers came,
And shriekt at the remembrance of their flame ;
With heavy grief and gloomy thoughts oppress'd,
Meagre each shape, and wounds in every breast ;
(How deep, ah me ! and wide must mine appear,
If so much Beauty can be so severe !)
With these, mixt troops of Fathers, Husbands, } (Wives,
As thick as swarms of Bees fly round their Hives }
At Evening close, or when a Tempest drives : }
With Ghosts of Heroes, and of Babes expos'd,
And Sons whose dying eyes their Mothers clos'd :
Which now the dull unnavigable flood,
With black *Cocytus* horrid, weeds, and mud,
And *Styx*, in nine large Channels spread, confine :

The wondrous numbers soft'ned all beneath,
Hell, and the inmost flinty seats of Death ;

Snakes round the *Furies* heads did upward rear,
And seem'd to listen to the pleasing Air ;
While fiery *Styx* in milder streams did rowl,
And *Cerberus* gap'd, but yet forbore to howl,
Ixion's Wheel stood still, all tortures ceast,
And Hell amaz'd knew an unusual rest.

All dangers past beyond the reach of fear,
Restor'd *Euridice* breath'd the upper air,
Following behind (for mov'd by his complaint
Hell added this condition to the grant)
When fury soon the heedless Lover seiz'd,
(To be forgiven, if Hell cou'd be pleas'd)
For near the Confines of Ætherial Air,
Unmindful and unable to forbear,
He stopt, look'd back, (what cannot love per-
swade ?)

To take one view of the unhappy Maid :

Here

Here all his Pains were lost, one greedy look
 Defeats his hopes, and Hell's conditions broke,
 Thrice *Styx* refounded, thrice *Averne* shook :
 A fatal Messenger from *Pluto* flew,
 And snatch'd the forfeit from a second view :

Backward she fell; ah me! too greedy Youth,
 (She cry'd) what fury now hath ruin'd both!
 Death summons me again, cold fates surprise,
 And Icy sleep spreads o're my nodding eyes :
 Wrapt up in night I feel the *Stygian* shore,
 And stretch my arms to thee in vain, ah thine no
 (more!

This scarce pronounc'd, like smoke dispers'd in
 So vanish'd the twice-lost unhappy Fair : (air,
 And left him catching at the flying Shade;
 He stood distracted, much he would have said,

In vain ; for *Charon* wou'd not waft him o're,
Once he had pass'd, and now must hope no more
What he shou'd do? where shou'd he seek repose?
Where flee the trouble of his second loss?
In what soft numbers shou'd the wretch complain:
And beg his dear *Eurydice* again ;
She now grew cold in *Charon's* boat beneath,
And sadly sail'd to the known Seats of Death:
But while nine circling months in order turn'd,
Beneath black rocks (thus Fame reports) he mourn'd:
By freezing *Strymon's* unfrequented stream,
Eurydice, his lost *Eurydice*, his Theme ;
And while he sang this sad event of Love,
He tam'd fierce Tygers, and made Oaks to move:
With such soft Tunes, and such a doleful Song
Sweet Nightingales bewail their ravish'd young,
Which some hard hearted Swain hath born away
While Callow Birds, or kill'd the easie prey ;

Restless

Restless they sit, renew their mournful strains,
And with sad Passion fill their neighb'ring Plains.

(move,
No face cou'd win him, and no charms cou'd
He fled the heinous thoughts of second Love :
In vain the *Thracians* wooed, wit, wealth, esteem,
Those great Enticers, lost their force on him :
Alone he wander'd through the *Scythian* Snows,
Where Icy *Tanais* freezeth as it flows ;
(hail,
Through fields still white with frost, or beat with
Constant to grief, and eager to bewail :
Eurydice the Gods vain gift employs
His thoughts, and makes him deaf to other joys.

The slighted *Thracians* heat this scorn increast,
They breath'd revenge, and fir'd at *Bacchus* feast,
(For what so soon as wine makes fury burn ?
And what can wound a Maid so deep as scorn ?)

Full of their God they wretched *Orpheus* tore,
Scatter'd his limbs, and drank his reeking gore:
His head torn off, as *Hebrus* roll'd along
Eurydice fell from his dying tongue.

His parting Soul, when flying through the wound,
Cry'd ah *Eurydice*, the floods around
Eurydice, *Eurydice* the banks resound.

THE

The Sixth

E L E G Y

Of the First Book of
T I B U L L U S.

Oft I by Wine have try'd to lull my cares,
But vexing grief turn'd all my Wine to
Tears;

Each sprightly bottle did but still supply
Another Fountain for my weeping Eye:
I chang'd my Love, but midst the kind embrace
I think on her, and my attempt decays:
The Maid deluded from my feeble Arms
Straight starts, and shrieks, and much complains
of Charms:

I know, says she, strong charms thy force restrain,
You us'd to prove your self a greater Man;
Go, dull unactive Load, thy strength restore,
Then come prepar'd, and mock my hopes no more.
Ah me! no Charms but her bewitching face,
Damps all my thoughts, and deadens my embrace:
Yet now a wealthy Fool and Bawd conspire,
A griping Bawd, to blast my just desire;
And what can the poor Man securely hold
Against the force of Treachery and Gold!
I faint, I die, yet e're I mount above,
I'll call down vengeance for my injur'd Love;
Let hatred blast her, and the publick scorn,
Who drew the Fair One first to be forsworn.
Unpity'd, hated, let her range the Streets,
Worry'd by Dogs, and curst by all she meets:
At night let groaning Spectres round her wait,
And break her rest complaining of their Fate:

All this will come, I shall be pleas'd to see
 The speedy punishment of Treachery :
 No slow delay shall coming fate prolong ;
 For *Venus* soonresents a Lover's wrong :
 But take heed, Fair One, be no longer aw'd,
 But fly the cunning precepts of the Bawd ;
 The Rich Man's bribes, her greedy hope devours,
 She pleads for her own profit, not for yours :
 For tho' the wealthy may present you more,
 He cannot pay the service of the poor.
 The poor is ready, he will ne're disdain
 The meanest servile Office of thy Train ;
 He'll bear thy Chair, of the preferment proud,
 Or force a passage for you through the Crowd.
 What ever friendships strictest ty's can crave,
 Or utmost duty challenge from a Slave :
 In vain, I sing, nor will my words command,
 This Gate ne're opens to an empty hand :

But

But, happy Sir, who dost thy conquest boast
And triumph in the spoils that I have lost,
Take heed, I warn Thee, my approaches fear ;
What you must suffer learn by what I bear.

OVID's *Dream.*

TWas Night and lazy sleep my Eyes confin'd,
But left an open passage to my mind :
These wondrous Visions made a frightful train
In too surprising figures to be vain :
At a large Mountain's foot, a Grove arose,
The shades lay thick and Birds beneath the boughs ;
A Green spread wide the wandering Eye detains,
Water'd with springs that murmur'd through the
Plains :
Beneath the shade, methoughts, I careless lay,
To cool the former fury of the day ;

Yet

Yet tho' I found the outward warmth retreat,
I still was fire, and felt an inward heat.
When lo a Cow, that left the meaner Herd
For better Pastures, to my eyes appear'd;
More white than falling snow to mortal view,
Or Milk just frothing from the burden'd Ewe:
For common sight can make but small pretence
Compar'd to fancy unconfin'd by sense:
A Bull, the happy Consort of the Cow,
Lay by her side, lookt pleas'd, and seem'd to low:
But whilst he lay, and gently chew'd the Cud,
Feeding again upon his former Food,
Sleep weakning all his strength, he bent his head,
And lay extended on the grassy bed:
And as he slept a Pye fled nimbly down,
Chatter'd a while, drew near, then bolder grown,
Peckt at the Cow; then chatter'd once again,
The Cow appear'd uneasy at the Pain;

Till

Till chattering on, he seem'd to please the Beast,
Then fled, but left a stain upon her breast.
The Cow look'd round upon her sleeping Mate,
As loath to leave him, and yet urg'd by fate;
Thrice look'd, thrice low'd, but yet at last she fled
To other Bulls, and wantonly she fed :
Forgot the Pastures of the former Plain,
And never look'd upon her Mate again. (tent:
Heav'n! What's foreshew'd me by this strange por-
If 'tis not a meer fancy what is meant ?
Tell, sacred Augur, you are us'd to see
Events in Causes, and read Fates decree.
At this the Augur shook his reverend head,
And pondering all the circumstances, said :
The heat which you did to the shades remove
To cool but could not, was the Heat of Love :
The Cow, thy Mistress ; white before betray'd ;
White is the decent colour for a Maid :

The Bull thy self, tho' scorn'd and hated now,
The happy equal Consort of the Cow :
The Pye that peckt, the Bawd, whose treacherous
art

Prevail'd upon thy Mistress easie heart,
And drew her to be false ; what weak designs,
And small Temptations, win when Nature joyns !
The stain upon her Breast declares her sin,
And shows the Scarlet faults that lurk within :
My Blood grew cold at this surprising fright,
I wak't, and all around stood deepest night.

M

A

A

PROLOGUE

Intended for the

DUKE and no DUKE.

A Pox! who'd be a Poet in our days?
When ev'ry Coxcomb crowns his Head
with Bays,

And stands a saucy Candidate for Praise.

The furly Scriblers sturdy Vice ingage,

And draw their blunted *Satyr* on the Age.

Vainly they strive and weakly for renown.

So *Spaniards* first make War then lose the Town:

They fellow fools to their Tribunal call,

There's no spare Fop now left amongst you all.

They've

They've robb'd our Poet of you quite to day,
 You were the standing Prologue to each Play.
 The want of you may chance to spoil his treat,
 A well dress'd Fop was the best dish of Meat:
 But 'tis not civil you to entertain
 With the chaw'd Fragments of your selves again.
 To court the Ladies is in vain, I fear,
 They're all bespoke by some small Soniteer.
 You cannot spie a Dam'sel in this throng
 But's an elected *Phyllis* for a Song.
 For our good natur'd Fools, of late incline,
 In senseless Sonnets much to sigh and whine;
 Thinking their wit, and Passion to rehearse,
 The Mandlin Blockheads love to weep in Verse.
 But still the Poet is the Lover's Foe,
 And makes the Nation merry with his Woe.
 Who wou'd not laugh, tho' he is vex'd, to see
 Nokes put to Act the great *Marc-Antony*.

Heaven send us help in these Poetick times,
And free us from the Pestilence of Rhimes;
There's not a word of sense remains, God knows,
When Songs are strip'd of Rhime to Naked Prose.
Our Poet's at a loss to find a way
To recomend to you his Farce or Play,
He will not use the Painters surest Art
To win to day the Male and Female heart.
Course painting will delight your wanton eye
If in it naked Nature you descrie.

Adam and *Eve* must not their Fig leaves wear,
But they, good old Folks, too must both stand
bare.

He that will please our most Religious Age
Must bring a naked Muse upon the Stage;
Leüdness of Wit has been the single Test
And fulsome Baudy's your beloved Jest.

Our Poet fears that this will prove too chaste,
For you will see her strip'd but to the Waste;
But if the modest Dam'sel you refuse,
Next Venture, Posture *Maß* shall be his Muse.

M 3

The

The Fourteenth Ode

Of the Second Book of

H O R A C E

I.

A H! Friend, the passing years how fast they
 Nor can the strictest Piety (fly?

Defer incroaching Age,

Or Death's resistless Rage,

If you each day

A Heecatomb of Bulls shou'd slay,

The smoking Host cou'd not subdue

The Tyrant to be kind to you.

From Geryon's Head he snatch'd the Tripple Crown.

Into th' infernal Lake the Monarch rumbl'd down.

The Prince and Pefant of this World must be
Thus wafed to Eternity.

II.

In vain from bloody Wars are Mortals free,
Or the rough Storms of the Tempeftuous Sea.

In vain they take fuch care
To fhield their bodies from Autumnal Air.
Difmal *Cocytus* they muft ferry o're,
Whofe languid ftream moves dully by the fhore.

And in their paffage we fhall fee
Of tortur'd Ghofts the various Mifery.

III.

Thy ftately Houfe, thy pleafing Wife
And Children, (blessings dear as Life,)

Must all be left nor shalt thou have
Of all thy grafted Plants, one Tree;
Unless the dismal *Cypress* follow thee,
The short-liv'd Lord of all, to thy cold
Grave.

But the imprison'd *Burgundy*
Thy jolly Heir shall straight set free.
Releas'd from Lock, and Key, the sparkling wine
Shall flow, and make the drunken *Pavement* shine.

The

THE
First IDYLLIUM
OF
THEOCRITUS,
Translated into *English*.

THYRSIS.

Goat-Herd, the Musick of yon whistling Pine,
Tho' sweet, yet is not half so sweet as thine,
Thou, when the sound of thy shrill Pipe is heard
Art next to our great Master *Pan* prefer'd:
Next him in Skill, and next him in Reward.
If *Pan* receive a Goat of horned Brow,
A younger Goat is thy unquestion'd Due:
If He a younger Goat, a Kid belongs to You.
And Kids you know, until the swelling Teat
Yeilds Milk, are no unpalatable Meat.

Goat-

Goat-Herd.

Sweeter thy Numbers, *Shepherd*, and thy Song,
 Than that fair lovely Stream which down along
 From yonder Hillock's gently rising Side
 Pours the smooth Current of its easie Tide.
 If a white Ew the *Muses* Off'ring be,
 A Spotless Lamb shall be thy second Fee :
 If there's a Lamb ; the Ew's reserv'd for thee.

Thy'sis.

And wilt thou, *Goat-herd*, on yon rising ground,
 With Streams refresh'd, & spreading Myrtles crown'd,
 Say, wilt thou one sweet charming Song rehearse ?
 I'll feed thy Flock, and listen to thy Verse.

Goat-Herd.

Shepherd, I dare not tread that hallow'd Ground :
 'Tis now high Noon, and *Pan* will hear the sound.
 Weary'd with Sport, he there lies down to rest :
 And 'tis an angry God when at the best.

But

But, *Thyrsis*, you can *Daphnis* Story tell,
 And understand the Rural Numbers well.
 Let us retire then to the *Sylvan* Shade,
 By reverend Oaks extended Branches made,
 Where an old Seat stands rear'd upon the Green:
 Hard by *Priapus*, and the *Nymphs* are seen.
 There if thou sing one of thy Noblest Lays,
 And thy loud voice in such sweet Accents raise,
 As when you baffled *Chromæ*, and won the Bays;
 Thrice shalt thou milk my Goat; come, prithee do:
 Two Pails she fills, although she suckles Two:
 Besides a brave large Goblet shall be thine;
 New made, new turn'd, and smelling wond'rous fine
 Sweet wholsom Wax the inner Hollow hides,
 And two neat handles grace the well wrought sides.
 About the brim a creeping *Ivy* twines,
 Through whose brown leaves the brighter *Crocus*

Within

Within, a *Woman's* lovely Image stands:
(A noble Piece! not wrought by Mortal Hands!)
Around her Head a braided Fillet goes:
A decent Veil adown her Shoulders flows.
By Her two blooming Youths by turns complain,
Each striving who shall the blest Conquest gain:
Both eagerly contend, but both in vain. }
She now on This her wanton Glances throws.
And now on That a careless Smile bestows:
Whilst they their big swol'n Eye-lids hardly rear,
And silently accuse the Cruel Fair.
Next on a Cliff a Fisher-man you'll view,
Who eagerly does his Lov'd Sport pursue.
His gather'd Net just hov'ring o're the Sea,
He labours at the Cast on his half bended Knee.
You'd swear his active Limbs work'd to and fro,
So tight he is, so fitted for the Throw.

His

His Neck enlarg'd with swelling Veins appears :
 Much is his Strength, tho' many are his Years.
 Not far from hence a seeming *Vineyard* grows,
 The Vines all neatly set in graceful Rows,
 Whose weighty Clusters bend the yielding Boughs.
 And a *Young Lad* on a Tree's neighb'ring Root
 Sits idly by, to watch the ripening Fruit.
 By him, two *Foxes* unregarded steal:
 Each craftily designs a diff'rent Meal.
 One tow'rd's the Vineyard casts a longing Eye;
 Looks to and fro; and then creeps softly by:
 Whil'st t'other couch'd in a close Ambuscade
 To intercept the Scrip and Vict'als laid,
 Resolves not first to quit the *destin'd* Prey,
 Till he has sent the *Younker* Supperless away.
 Mean while with both his Hands, and both his Eyes,
 He's plaiting Straws, and making Traps for Flies.

With Art and Care he the fine Play-thing twines,
Surveys it, and applauds his own Designs:
Unmindful of his Bag, or of his Vines.
The Cup besides a *Wood-bine* does contain,
Which round the bottom wreaths its leafy Train,
Admir'd and envy'd by each gazing Swain!
I know, you'll say your self, 'tis strangely fine!
The Workman, and the Workmanship Divine!
I bought it when I crost th' *Ætolian Seas*,
The price a dainty Kid, and a large New-milk
Unus'd it lies, unsully'd, neat and trim: (Cheese;
Nor have my Lips once touch'd the shining Brim.
With This I'd willingly reward thy Pains,
Would'st thou but sing those my beloved Strains.
Nor envy I thy Skill: No——envious Death
Too soon (alas!) will stop that charming Breath:
Come on then, Sing, *Dear Shepherd*, while you may.

Thyrsis.

Thyrsis.

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

'Tis *Thyrsis* sings, *Thyrsis* on *Ætna* born:

The grateful Hills do his lov'd Notes return.

Where were the Nymphs? Where in that fatal day,

When *Daphnis*, lovely *Daphnis*, pin'd away!

Did ye by *Peneus*, or on *Pindus* stray?

(For sure ye were not by *Anapus* side,

Nor *Ætna's* Top, nor *Acis* Silver Tide.)

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

For him the Panthers and the Tygers mourn'd:

They came, they saw; and with swoln Eyes return'd.

Lyons themselves, did uncouth Sorrows bear,

Their Savage Fierceness softning to a Tear.

Close by his Feet the Bulls, and Heifers lay;

The Calves forgot their Feeding and their Play;

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Swift *Hermes* first came down to his Relief:

Daphnis, he cry'd, from whence this foolish Grief?

What Nymph, what Goddess steals thy heart away?

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Next him the *Shepherds*, and the *Goat-herds* came:

All ask'd the Reason of so strange a Flame.

Priapus came too——

He came, and ask'd him with a pitying Eye,

Why all this Grief? ah! wretched *Daphnis*, why?

While the false Nymph, unmindful of thy Pains,

Now climbs the Hills, now skims it o're the Plains,

Where e're blind Chance or Fancy leads the way:

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Ah! foolish and impatient of the Smart,

With which the wanton Boy hath pierc'd thy Heart!

An * *Herdsmen* thou wert thought; a *Goat-herd*
sure thou art.

* Βῆστας μὲν ἐλέγαν· νῦν δ' ἀπὸ λαοῦ αἰνῶς ἐκείνου.

The Goat-herd when from some old craggy Rock
He views the sportful Pastimes of his Flock,
And sees 'em how they frisk, and how they play,
Grieves that he's not a Goat, as well as they: }

Begin sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

And you too, when you see the Nymphs advance
Their nimble Feet in a well order'd Dance,
And hear 'em how they talk; and see 'em how they
smile;

Are griev'd that you must stand neglected all the
while.

All this, without an Answer, heard the Swain
Still he went on, and nourish'd still the Pain.

He found his Love increase, and Life decay:

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Then *Venus* came, and rais'd his drooping Head:

Forc'd an insulting Smile, and thus she said.

You thought, fond Swain, that you could love
 subdue :

But love, it seems, at last has conquer'd you,
 Strong are his Charms, and mighty is his sway :

Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

She spake——And thus the mournful Swain reply'd.

Ah! Foe to me, and all Mankind beside !

Ah ! cruel Goddess! spare thy Taunts at last ;

Nor urge a Death, that's drawing on so fast.

Too well I know, my fatal hour is come,

My *Sun declining to its Western Home.

Yet ev'n in Death thy Scorns I will repay :

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Hence *Cyprian Queen*, to *Ida's* Tops repair.

Anchises, lov'd *Anchises* waits you there.

There spreading Oaks will cover you around :

Here humble Shrubs scarce peep above the Ground ;

* * Ηδὲ γὰρ φράσσει πάνθ' ἥλιον ἄμω δαδύκειν.

And busy Bees are humming all the Day.

The noise is great, 'twill spoil your am'rous Play :

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Adonis too!——The Boy is lovely fair!

He feeds his Flocks, he hunts the nimble Hare ;

And boldly chases ev'ry Beast of prey :

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

The Panthers, Lyons, and the Wolves adieu!

Who now shall traverse the thick Woods with you?

No more shall you be chas'd, no more shall I pursue!

Hail *Arethusa*, lovely Fountain hail!

(Vale!

Farewell ye Streams that flow thro' *Tyber's* flowry

Farewell!——The Gods forbid my longer Stay :

Leave off, Fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.

Pan, Pan where'er your wandring Footsteps move;

Whether on *Lyce's* airy Tops you rove,

Or sporting in the vast *Mænalian* Grove :

Haste, quickly haste ; leave the high Tomb, that nods
O'er *Helick's* Cliff, the wonder of the Gods !

And to fair *Sicily* thy steps convey :

Leave off, fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.
Here take my waxen Pipe, well joyn'd, and fit ;
And useless Pipe to me ! and I to it !
For Love and Fate have summon'd me away ;

Leave off, Fond Muse, leave off the Rurural Lay.
On Brambles now let Violets be born,
And op'ning Roses blush on ev'ry Thorn :
Let all things Nature's Contradi~~ction~~ wear,
And barren Pine-trees yield the mellow Pear.
Since *Daphnis* dyes, what can be strange, or new ?
Hounds now shall fly, and trembling Fawns pursue ;
Screech-Owls shall sing, and thrushes yield the day :

Leave off, fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.
Thus *Daphnis* spake, and more he wou'd have sung :
But Death prevail'd upon his trembling Tongue.

Fair *Venus* strove to raise her drooping Son ;
In vain she strove : for his last thread was spun.
Black Stygian Waves surround the darling Boy
Of every Nymph, and every Muses Joy.

Lifeless he lyes, and still as harden'd Clay,
Who was so Young, so Lovely and so Gay :

Leave off, Fond Muse, Leave off the rural Lay.

The Cup and Goat you cannot now refuse :

I'll milk her, and I'll offer to my Muse.

All hail, ye Muses that inspire my Tongue !

A better day shall have a better Song.

Goat-herd.

May dropping Combs on those sweet Lips distill,

And thy Lov'd Mouth with Attick Honey fill.

For much, much sweeter is thy Tuneful Voice,

Than, when on Sunny days with chearful noise,

The vocal Insects of the Spring rejoice.

Here, take the promis'd Cup—How bright the look!
How fine the Smell!—sure from some fragrant Brook,
The bath of smiling *Hours*, it the gay tincture took!
Here * *Cissy*, hitherward, —Come, milk her now:
My Kids, forbear to leap: for if you do,
The Goat may chance to leap as well as you.

* *Kivai Sa*, the Name of the Goat.

THE

The REAPERS.

THE

Tenth IDYLLIUM

OF

THEOCRITUS.

Englished by Mr. WILLIAM BOWLES,
of King's College in Cambridge.

Milo. Battus.

A Re you grown lazy, or does some Disease,
Oh *Battus*, bind your hands, and sinews seize,
That like a Sheep prickd by a pointed Thorn,
Still you're behind, and lag at every Turn?
What in the Heat, and Evening will you do,
Who early in the Morning loiter so?

Battus.

Milo, thou peice of Flint, thou all of Stone,
Did'st never yet an absent Friend bemoan ?

Milo.

Who but such Fools as thou, the absent Mind ?
Sure what concerns you more, you here may find.

Battus.

Did Love ne're yet thy Senses waking keep,
Trouble thy Dreams, or interrupt thy Sleep ?

Milo.

The Gods preserve me from that restless Care,
Oh *Reapers* all, the gilded bate beware !

Battus.

But I nine days the Passion Love have felt,
With inward fires consume and slowly melt.
See ! all neglected lyes before my Door,
While I run mad for a confounded Whore.

Battus

Battus.

She who pip'd lately at *Hippocooris* Feast,
Charm'd every Ear, and wounded every Guest.

Milo.

The Gods for some old Sins have sent this Evil,
And shame long due has reach'd thee from the Devil.

Battus.

Beware, insulting *Cupid* has a Dart,
And it may one day reach thy stubborn Heart.

Milo.

Come, you're a Poet, Sing some am'rous Song,
'Twill ease your toil, and make the day less long.

Battus.

Oh Muse ! assist my Song, and make it flow,
For you fresh Charms on all you sing bestow.

Bombyce (Oh my dearest do not frown,
They call the Tawny, but I call thee Brown.

Yet

Yet blush not, Dear : Black is the *Violet*,

And *Hyacinth* with Letters all o'er writ.

Yet both are sweet, and both for Garlands fit.

Kids the green Leaves, Wolves the young Kids pursue,

And, *Battus*, sweet *Bombyce* follows you.

Oh! had the envious Gods not made me poor,

Had I rich *Cræsus* Wealth and mighty Store,

In *Venus* Temple should our Statues stand,

Thou with thy Pipe and Taber in thy hand,

I in a Dancer's Posture, gay, new shod,

Form'd of pure Gold, and glorious as a God!

Thy Voice, *Bombyce*, is most soft and sweet,

But who can praise enough thy humour and thy fil-
(ver feet?

Milo.

Battus deceiv'd us, a great Poet grown,

What verse is here! But are they, Friend, thy own?

How just the Rhyme's how equally they meet,

The numbers how harmonious, and how sweet!

Yet

Yet mark, and this diviner Song attend,

'Twas by immortal *Lyriesses* penn'd.

Smile on the Corn, O *Ceres* ! bless the Field,

May the full Ears a plenteous Harvest yield.

Gather your Sheaves (Oh Friends !) and better bind,

See how they're blown, and scatter'd by the wind,

Haste ! lest some jeering Passenger should say,

Oh lazy Rogues ! their Hire is thrown away.

Reapers observe, and to the South-west turn

Your Sheaves ; 'twill fill the Ears, and swell the Corn.

Threshers at Noon, and in the burning heat,

(Then the light Chaff flies out) should toil and sweat ;

But Reapers should with the sweet Wood-Lark rise ;

And sleep when *Phebus* mounts the Southern Skies.

Happy the Frogs who in the Waters dwell !

They suck in Drink for Air, and proudly swell.

Oh

O niggard Baylif! we cou'd dine on Beans,
And spare your windy Cabbage, and your pains.

Such Songs at once delight us, and improve;
But thy sad Ditty, and thy tale of Love
Keep for thy Mother, *Battus*, I advise,
When stretch'd and yawning in her bed she lyes.

AITHΣ.

A I T H Σ.
OR THE
Twelfth *IDYLLIUM*
OF
THEOCRITUS.

SCarce three whole days, my lovely Youth, had
Since thou and I met here, and parted last. ^{(past}

And yet, so sluggishly the Minutes flew,

I thought it Ages till we met anew.

Gay Youth and Vigour were already fled,

Already envious Time began to shed

A snowy White around my drooping Head. }

As to Spring's Bravery rugged Winter yields,

The hoary Mountains to the smiling Fields ;

As

As by the faithful Shepherd new-yea'n'd Lambs
Are much less valu'd than their fleecy Damms;
As to wild Plumbs the Damson is prefer'd;
As nimble Does out-strip the duller Herd;
As Maids seem fairer in their blooming Pride,
Then those who *Hymen's* Joys have often try'd;
As *Philomel*, when warbling forth her Love,
Excells the feather'd Quire of ev'ry tuneful Grove:
So much dost thou all other Youths excell,
They Speak not, Look not, Love not half so well!
Sweeter thy Face! more ravishing thy Charms!
No Guest so welcom to my longing Arms!
When first I view'd those much lov'd Eyes of thine,
At distance and from far encount'ring mine,
I ran, I flew, to meet th' expected Boy
With all the transports of unruly Joy.

Not with such eager haste, such fond Desires,
 The Traveller, when scorch'd by *Syrian* Fires,
 To some well-spredding *Beache's* Shade retires.
 O! that some God would equal flames impart!
 And spread a mutual warmth thro' either Heart!
 'Till men should quote our names for loving well;
 And age to age the pleasing Story tell.
 Two men there were (cry's some well meaning
 Whose friendship equal on Love's Ballance hung:
 (*Espnulus* one, *Aites* t'other name,
 Both surely fix'd in the Records of Fame)
 Of honest ancient make and heav'nly mould,
 Such as in good King *Saturn's* days of old
 Flourish'd, and stamp'd the Age's name with Gold.
 Grant, mighty *Jove*, that after many a day,
 While we amidst th' *Elyfian* Valleys stray,
 Some welcome Ghost may this glad Message say,

Your

Your Love's, the copious theme of ev'ry tongue,
Ev'n now with lasting Praise are daily sung ;
Admir'd by all, but chiefly by the Young.
But Pray'rs are vain ! the ruling Pow'rs on high,
What e'er I ask, can grant or can deny.
In the mean time thee my due Songs shall praise,
Thee the glad matter of my tuneful lays :
Nor shall the well meant Verse a tell-tale Blister
Nay shou'd you chide, I'll catch the pleasing Sound,
Since the same Mouth that made, can heal the wound.
Ye *Megarensians*, who from *Nisa's* Shoar
Plow up the Sea with many a well tim'd Oar,
May all your Labours glad Success attend :
You, who to *Diocles*, that generous Friend,
Due Honours, and becoming reverence pay,
When rowling Years bring on the happy Day.
Then round his Tomb the crowded Youth resort,
With Lips well fitted for the wanton Sport :

And

And he, whose pointed Kiss is sweetest found,
Returns with Laurels, and fresh Garlands crown'd.
Happy the Boy that bears the Prize away !
Happy, I grant : but O far happier they,
Who, from the seats of their much envy'd bliss,
Receiv'd the Tribute of each wanton Kiss !
Surely to *Ganymed* their Pray'rs are made,
That, while the am'rous Strife is warmly plaid,
He will their Lips with equal Virtues guide
To those which in the faithful Stone reside:
Whose touch apply'd, the Artist can explore
The baser Mettal from the shining Ore.

O

KHPIO.

ΚΗΡΙΟΚΛΕΠΤΗΣ:
 OR THE
 Nineteenth *IDYLLIUM*
 OF
THEOCRITUS.

C*upid*, the flyest Rogue alive,
 One day was plundering of a Hive :
 But as with too too eager Haste
 He strove the liquid sweets to taste,
 A Bee surpriz'd the heedless Boy ;
 Prick'd him, and dash'd th'expected Joy.
 The Urchin, when he felt the Smart
 Of the envenom'd angry Dart,
 He kick'd, he flung, he spurn'd the Ground ;
 He blow'd, and then he chaf'd the Wound :

He

He blow'd and chaf'd the Wound in vain !
 The rubbing still increas'd the pain.
 Straight to his Mothers Lap he hies,
 With swelling Cheeks, and blubber'd Eyes.
 Cry's she——what does my *Cupid* ail ?
 When thus he told his mournful Tale.
 A little Bird they call a Bee.
 With yellow Wings ; see, Mother, see
 How it has gor'd, and wounded me !
 And are not you, reply'd his Mother,
 For all the world just such another ?
 Just such another angry thing,
 Like in bulk and like in sting.
 For when you aim a pois'nous Dart,
 Against some poor unwary heart,
 How little is the Archer found !
 And yet how wide, how deep the wound !

The Complaint of
A R I A D N A
 O U T O F
C A T U L L U S
 B Y
 Mr. WILLAM BOWLES!

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet in the Epithalamium of Peleus and Thetis, describes the Genial-Bed, on which was wrought the Story of Theseus and Ariadna, and on that occasion makes a long Digression, part of which is the Subject of the following Poem.

THere on th' extreamest Beach, and farthest
 Deserted *Ariadna* seem'd to stand, (Sand
 New wak'd, and raving with her Love she flew
 To the dire Shoar, from whence she might pursue
 With longing Eyes, but all alas in vain!
 The winged bark o'er the tempestuous Main;

For

For bury'd in fallacious Sleep she lay
 While thro' the Waves false *Theseus* cut his way,
 Regardless of her Fate who fav'd his youth;
 Winds bore away his Promise and his Truth.
 Like some wild *Bachanal* unmov'd she stood,
 And with fix'd Eyes survey'd the raging Flood.
 There with alternate Waves the Sea does rowl,
 Nor less the tempests that distract her Soul;
 Abandon'd to the Winds her flowing Hair,
 Rage in her Soul exprest, and wild Despair:
 Her rising Breasts with Indignation swell,
 And her loose Robes disdainfully repell.
 The shining Ornaments that dress her Head,
 When with the glorious Ravisher she fled,
 Now at their Mistress Feet neglected lay,
 Sport of the wanton Waves that with them play.
 But she nor them regards, nor waves that beat
 Her snowy Legs, and wound her tender Feet,

On *Theseus* her lost Senses all attend,
And all the Passions of her Soul depend.
Long did her weaker Sense contend in vain,
She sunk at last beneath the mighty pain :
With various ills beset, and stupid grown,
She lost the Pow'r those ills ev'n to bemoan :
But when the first Assault, and fierce surprize
Were past, and grief had found a passage at her Eyes,
With cruel hands her Snowy Breast she wounds,
Theseus, in vain, through all the Shoar resounds.
Now urg'd by Love she plunges in the Main,
And now draws back her tender Feet again:
Thrice she repeats the vain attempt to wade,
Thrice fear and Cold her shivering Limbs invade.
Fainting at last she hung her beauteous head,
And fixing on the Shoar her Eyes, she said,
Ah cruel Man! and did I leave for thee
My Parents, Friends, (for thou wast all to me)

And

And is my Love, and is my Faith thus paid;
Oh cruelty unheard! a wretched Maid
Here on a naked Shoar abandon'd and betray'd!
Betray'd to mischiefs of which Death's the least,
And plung'd in ills too great to be exprest.
Yet the Gods will, the Gods contemn'd by you,
With vengeance thy devoted Ship pursue,
O'ertake thy Sails, and rack thy guilty Breast,
And with new Plagues th'ill-omen'd Flight infest.
But tho' no pity thy stern Breast could move,
Nor angry Gods nor ill-requited Love,
Yet sence of Honour sure should touch thy heart,
And shame from low, unmanly Flight divert.
With other Hopes my easie faith you fed,
A glorious Triumph, and a Nuptial Bed,
But all those Joys with thee alas! are fled.
Let no vain Woman Vows and Oaths believe,
They only with more Form and Pomp deceive:

To compass their lewd ends the wretches swear,
 Of Oaths profuse, nor Gods nor Temples spare;
 But when enjoy'd——

Nor broken Vows nor angry Heav'n they fear.

But, O ye Women, warn'd by me, be wise,

Turn their false Oaths on them, their *Arts*, their *Lyes*,

Dissemble, fawn, weep, swear when you betray,

Defeat the Gamesters at their own foul Play.

Oh banisht faith! but now from certain Death

I snatcht the Wretch, and sav'd his perjur'd breath

His Life with my own Brothers blood I bought,

And Love by such a cruel Service fought.

By *Me* preserv'd yet *Me* he does betray,

And to wild *Beasts* expose an easie Prey!

Nor thou of Royal race, nor humane stock (Rock;
 Wast born, but nurs't by *Bears*, and issu'd from a

Too plain thou do'st thy dire Extraction prove,

Who Death for Life return'st, and Hate for Love.

Yet he securely fails! and I in vain
Recall the fled, and to deaf Rocks complain.
Unmov'd they stand; yet cou'd they see and hear,
More humane would than cruel Man appear.

But I———

Must the sad Pleasure of Compassion want,
And dye unheard, and lose my last complaint.
Happy, ye Gods! too happy had I liv'd,
Had'st thou, O charming Stranger, ne're arriv'd;
Dissembl'd Sweetness in thy Look does shine,
But ah! th'inhumane Monsters lurk within.

What now remains? or whom shall I implore
In a wild Isle, on a deserted shoar?
Shall I return and beg my Father's aid?
My Father's! whom ingrateful I betray'd,
And with my Brother's cruel Murderer fled?

But, *Theseus*, *Ariadna's*, Constant, Kind,
Kind as the Seas, and constant as the Wind.

See!

See ! wretched Maid, vast Seas around thee roar,
And angry Waves beat the resounding Shoar,
Cut off thy hopes, and intercept thy flight,
No Ship appears to bless thy longing Sight,
The dismal Isle no Humane Footstep bears,
But a sad silence doubles all my Fears,
And Fate in all its dreadful Shapes appears.
Ev'n fainting Nature scarce maintains the strife
Betwixt prevailing Death, and yielding Life.
Yet, e're I dye, revenging Gods I'll call,
And curse him first, and then contented fall.
Ascend ye furies then, ascend and hear
My last Complaints, and grant my dying Prayer,
Which Grief and Rage for ill rewarded Love,
And the deep sence of his Injustice move :
Oh suffer not my latest words to flye
Like common Air, and unregarded dye !

With Vengeance his dire Treachery pursue,
 For Vengeance, Goddesses, attends on you,
 Terrour with you, Despair and Death appear,
 And all the frightful Forms the Guilty fear.
 May his proud Ship by furious Billows tost
 On Rocks, or some wild Shoar like this be lost;
 There may he fall or late returning see,
 (If so the Gods, and so the Fates decree)
 A mournful House, polluted by the Dead,
 And furies ever wait on his *Incestuous Bed.

Jove heard, and did the just Request approve,
 And nodding shook Earth, Seas, and all the radiant
 Lights above.

* He carried away her Sister *Phœdra*.

THE

THE
Twentieth IDYLLIUM
OF
THEOCRITUS.

By

Mr. WILLIAM BOWLES.

PRoud *Eunica*, when I advanc'd to Kifs,
Laugh'd loud, and cry'd, how ignorant he is!
Alas poor Man! dare you, a wretched Swain,
Lips such as these, and such a Mouth prophane?
No: to prevent your Rustick Freedom, know
They're unacquainted yet with such as you:
But your soft Lip, your Beard, your horny Fist,
All charming, and all sueing to be kist,
Your matted Hair, and your smooth Chin invite,
Conspire to make you Lovely to the sight.

Oh

Oh how you look, how prettily you play, (say!
 How soft your words, and what fine things you
 Yet, to prevent Infection, pray be gon,
 Your Neighbourhood, methinks, is dang'rous grown;
 Vanish, nor dare to touch me, Oh the Shame!
 He smells of the rank Goats from which he came!
 This said, with Indignation thrice she spit,
 Survey'd me with Disdain from Head to Feet;
 Then was fierce rage, and conscious beauty seen
 In all her Motions and her haughty Meen.
 She pray'd, as if she some Contagion fear'd,
 Cast a disdainful Smile, and disappear'd.
 My boiling blood sprang with my Rage, and spread
 O'er all my burning Face a fiery Red; shed.
 So Roses blush, when Night her kindly dew has
 I rage, I curse the haughty Jilt, that jeer'd
 My graceful Person, and my comely Beard.

Ye Shepherds, I conjure you, tell me true,
Has any God cast my old Form anew ?
How am I chang'd ? for once a matchless Grace
Shone in the charming Features of my Face,
Like creeping Ivy did my Beard o'er grow;
And my long Hair in untaught Curles did flow,
My Brows were black, and my large Forehead white.
My sparkling Eyes shot forth a radiant Light ;
In sweetest Words did my soft Language flow,
As Honey sweet, and soft as falling Snow ;
When with loud Notes I the shrill Pipe inspir'd,
The list'ning Shepherds all my skill admir'd ;
Me all the Virgins on our Mountains Love,
They praise my Beauty, and my flames approve.
Such tho' I am, yet me, because a Swain,
(How nice these Town-bred Women are, how
Gay *Eunica* rejected with Disdain. [vain!]

And

And she, it seems, has never heard, or read
 How *Bacchus*, now a God, a flock once fed.
Venus her self did the Profession grace,
 By Love transform'd into a Country Lass,
 The *Phrygian* fields and woods her flames can tell,
 And how her much bewail'd *Adonis* fell.
 How oft on *Latmos* did the Moon descend
 From her bright Chariot to her *Carian* friend,
 And absent from the Sky whole nights with him
 did spend?
 To shining in her Orb prefer her Love,
 Stoop and desert her glorious Seat above?
 And was not he a Shepherd? sure he was,
 Yet did not she disdain his low Embrace.
 The Gods great Mother too and greater *Jove*,
 Their Majesty laid by, could Shepherds love:
 The *Phrygian* Groves, and conscious *Ida* know
 What she for *Atys*, he for *Ganymed* could do.

But

But prouder *Eunica* disdains alone
 What Gods, and greatest Goddeſſes have done:
 Fairer it ſeems by much, and greater ſhe,
 Than *Venus*, *Cynthia*, or than *Cybele*.
 Oh my fair *Venus*, may you ne're find one
 Worthy your Love, in Countrey, or in Town,
 But to a Virgin bed condemn'd, for ever lye alone!

TO
 L E S B I A.
 OUT OF
 C A T U L L U S.

L Et's live, my deareſt *Lesbia*, and love,
 The little time that Nature lends improve;
 In mirth and Pleaſure let us waſte the day,
 Nor care a farthing what old Dotards ſay;

The

The Suns may rise again that once are set,
Their usual Labour, and old Course repeat,
But when our Day's once turn'd have lost their light,
We must sleep on one long Eternal Night :
A thousand Kisses, 'Dear, a hundred more,
Another hundred, *Lesbia*, I am poor :
Another thousand, *Lesbia*, and as warm,
Let every Touch surprize, and pressing Charm,
And when repeated thousands numerous grow
We'll kiss out all again, that none may know }
How many you have lent, and what I owe :
While I'll in gross with eager haste repay,
And kiss a long Eternity away.

TO LESBIA.

MY *Lesbia* swears she would *Catullus* wed,
Tho' *Jove* himself should come and ask her
True, this she swears by all the Pow'rs above, ^{(Bed;}
But she's a Woman speaking to her Love:
That single Thought my growing faith Defeats,
'Tis necessary for them to be Cheats:
They must be false, they must their Oaths forget,
So pleasing is the Lech'ry of Deceit;
What women tell their Servants, fade like Dreams,
And should be writ in Air, or running Streams.

TO LESBIA.

A Petition to be free'd from LOVE.

IF Pleasure follows when we think upon
 The good and pious Deeds that we have done :
 That we ne're broke our Oaths, ne'er strove to cheat,
 Nor Heav'n abus'd to credit a Deceit ;

Catullus, thou art safe, and sure to prove
 Long happy years from this uneasie Love :

What could be done, or what devoutly said
 You said and did, the utmost Duty paid,
 But all was lost on the ungrateful Maid.

Then why wilt thou continu'd Pains endure ?
 And when thou may'st enjoy, defer the Cure ?
 Assert thy Freedom, and thy self restore,
 Though Heaven denys, yet be a Wretch no more :

'Tis hard a rooted Love to dispossess ;

'Tis hard, but you may do it if you please.

In this thy Safety doth consist alone,

Or possible, or not, it must be done.

Great Gods, if Pity doth belong to you,

If you can save the man whom Fates pursue ;

Look down, if he a pious Life hath liv'd

From love let good *Catullus* be repriev'd :

Which like cold numness hath my thoughts confin'd

And banish'd Mirth and Humour from my Mind :

I do not beg she should be Kind at last,

Or, what Her Nature will not bear, be Chast,

But grant me Freedom, and my Health restore,

Gods, thus reward my Goodness, and I ask no more.

OVID's ELEGIES.

Lib. 2. Eleg. 12.

Triumphant Laurels round my Temple twine,
I'm Victor now, my dear *Corinna's* mine.

As she was hard to get, a careful Spy,
A Door well bar'd, and jealous Husband's Eye
Long time preserv'd her troublesom Chastity. }

Now I deserve a Crown, I briskly woo'd,
And won my Prey without a drop of Blood.

'Twas not a petty Town with Gates and Barrs,
Those little Trophies of our meaner Wars;

No 'twas a *Whore*, a lovely Whore I took,

I won her by a Song, and by a Look.

When ten years ruin'd *Troy*, how mean a Name

Atreidis got? how small a share of Fame?

But none pretends a Part in that I won,

The vict'ry's mine, the Glory all my own.


I in this Conquest was the General,
The Souldier, Ensign, Horse, and Foot, and all;
Fortune and lucky Chance can clame no share,
Come Triumph gotten by my single Care.
I fought, as most have done, for Miss, and Love,
For *Helen Europe*, and all *Asia*, strove:
The *Centaurs* rudely threw their Tables o'er,
And spilt their Wine, and boxt to get a Whore:
The *Trojans* tho' they once had lost their *Troy*,
Yet fought to get their Lord another Joy:
The *Romans* too did venture all their Lives,
And stoutly fought their Fathers for their Wives.
For one fair Cow I've seen two *Bulls* ingage,
Whilst she stands by, and looks, and heats their Rage
E'en I (for *Cupid* says he'll have it so.)
As most men are, must be his Souldier too.
Yet I no bloody Conquerour shall prove,
My Quarrels will be Kindness, Wars be Love.

LIB II. ELEGY XVI.

He invites his Mistress into the Countrey.

I'Me now at———where my eyes can view
 Their old Delights, but what I want in you :
 Here purling Streams cut thro' my pleasing Bowers ,
 Adorn my Banks, and raise my drooping Flowers :
 Here Trees with bending Fruit in order stand,
 Invite my Eye, and tempt my greedy Hand ;
 But half the Pleasure of enjoyment's gone,
 Since I must pluck them single and alone :
 Why could not Nature's Kindness first contrive
 That faithful Lovers should like Spirits live,
 Mixt in one point, and yet divided ly
 Enjoying an united Liberty ?
 But since we must thro' distant Regions go,
 Why was not the same way design'd for two ?

One single Care determin'd still for both,
And the kind Virgin joyn'd the loving Youth:
Then should I think it pleasant way to go
O'er *Alpine* Frost, and trace the Hills of Snow;
Then should I dare to view the horrid Moors,
And walk the Desarts of the *Lybian* Shoars;
Hear *Scylla* bark, and see *Charibdis* rave,
Suck in, and vomit out the threatning Wave:
Fearless thro' all I'de steer my feeble Barge,
Secure and safe with the Celestial Charge:
But now though here my grateful Fields afford
Choice fruits to cheer their melancholly Lord;
Though here obedient Streams the Gardner leads,
In narrow Channels thro' my flowry Beds.
Tho' Poplars rise, and spread a shady Grove,
Where I might lye, my little Life improve,
And spend my Minutes 'twixt a Muse and Love.



Yet these contribute little to my ease,
For without you they lose the Power to please:
I seem to walk o'er Fields of naked Sand,
Or tread an antick Maze in *Fairy-Land*.
Where frightful Spectres and pail Shades appear,
And hollow Groans invade my troubled Ear:
Where ev'ry Breeze, that thro' my Arbour flies,
First sadly murmurs, and then turns to Sighs:
The Vines love Elms, what Elms from Vines remove?
Then why should I be parted from my Love?
And yet by me you once devoutly swore,
By your own Eyes, those Stars that I adore;
That all my bus'ness you would make your own,
And never suffer me to be alone;
But faithless Woman naturally deceives,
Their frequent Oaths are like the falling Leaves,
Which when a Storm has from the Branches tore,
Are tost by every Blast, and seen no more:

Yet if you will be true, your Vows retrieve
Be kind, and I can easily forgive ;
Prepare your Coach, to me direct your Course,
Drive fiercely on, and lash the lazy Horse ;
And while you ride I will prolong the Day,
And try the power of Verse to smoothe your way :
Sink down ye Mountains, sink ye lofty Hills,
Ye Valleys be obedient to her Wheels,
Ye Streams be dry, ye hindring Woods remove,
'Tis *Love* that drives, and all must yield to *Love*.

LIB. III. ELEGY IX.

NOW *Ceres* Feast is come, the Trees are blown
And my *Corinna* now must lye alone.
And why, Good *Ceres*, must thy Feast destroy,
Man's chief Delight, and why disturb his Joy ?

The World esteems you bountiful and good
 You led us from the Field, and from the Wood,
 And gave us fruitful Corn, and wholsom food.
 Till then poor wretched Man on Acorns fed;
 Oaks gave him Meat, and flow'ry fields a Bed.
 First *Ceres* made our Wheat and Barly grow,
 And taught us how to Plow and how to Mow:
 Who then can think that she designs to prove
 Our piety, by coldness in our Love?
 Or make poor Lovers sigh, Lament, and groan,
 Or charge her Votaries to lye alone?
 For *Ceres*, tho' she loves the fruitful fields,
 Yet sometimes feels the force of Love, and yields:
 This *Crete* can witness, (*Crete* not alwaies lyes,)
Crete that nurs'd *Jove*, and hear'd his infant Cryes,
 There he was suckled that now rules the Skyes.
 That *Jove* his Education there receiv'd,
 Will raise her fame, and make her be believed:

Nay she her self will never strive to hide
Her Love, 'tis too well known to be deny'd :
She saw young *Jafus* in the *Cretan* Grove
Pursue the Deer, she saw, and fell in Love.
She then perceiv'd, when first she felt the fire,
On this side Modesty, on that Desire ;
Desire prevail'd, and then the field grew dry,
The Farmer lost his Crop and knew not why ;
When he had toil'd, manur'd his Grounds & plow'd,
Harrow'd his Fields, and broke his Clods, and sow'd,
No Corn appear'd none to reward his Pain,
His Labour and his Wishes were in vain.
For *Ceres* wandred in the Woods and Groves,
And often heard, and often told her Loves :
Then *Crete* alone a fruitful Summer knew,
Where e'er the Goddess came, a Harvest grew.
Ida was gray with Corn, the furious Bore
Grew fat with Wheat, and wondred at the Store :

The

The *Cretans* wish'd that such all years would prove,
They wish'd that *Ceres* would be long in Love.
Well then, since then 'twas hard for you to lye
All night alone, why at your Feast must I ?
Why must I mourn when you rejoyce to know
Your Daughter safe, and Queen of all below ?
'Tis Holy day, and calls for Wine and Love,
Come let's the heigth of Mirth and Humour prove, }
These gifts will please our Master Pow'rs above.

OF
NATURE'S CHANGES.
FROM
LUCRETIIUS.
LIB. V.

By a person of Quality.

Since *Earth*, and *Water*, more dilated *Air*,
And active *Fire*, mixt Nature's Parts appear;
These all new form'd, and to Destruction brought;
Why of the World may not the like be thought?
Reason presents this Maxim to our view;
What in each Part, that in the whole is true:

And

And therefore when you see, spring up and fall,
Natures great Parts, conclude the like of all:
Know Heav'n and Earth on the same Laws depend,
In time they both began, in time shall end.
But *Memmius*, not t' assume what some deny;
The Proof, on plain experience shall rely:
I'll shew, these Elements to Change are prone;
Rise in new shapes, continue long in none.

Then first of *Earth*; conclude that all must fail,
Which diff'ring Parts fermenting, can exhale:
Much the reflected Rays extract from thence;
And from their burning Heat no less th' expence.
The Dust and Smoak in flying Clouds appear,
Which boistrous Winds disperse through liquid Air.
Some parts dissolve, and flow away in Rain,
And from their Banks, the Rapid Rivers gain.
A Diminution, nothing e'er escapes;
Which new Existence gives, to other Shapes:

Plants,

Plants, Minerals, and Concretes, owe their Birth,
And Animals their growth, in part, to *Earth*:
Then since from this, their Beings first did spring,
Time, all to this their common Grave does bring.
In these examples, not to mention more,
Nature does *Earth* consume, and *Earth* restore.
The Springs, the Rivers, and the Seas are found,
For *Earth*'s Supply, with Waters to abound;
Renew'd and flowing in continual round. }
Lest these, increasing, should at last prevail;
The mighty Ocean, fiercer Winds assail:
Vast Shoals of Atoms, thence away they bear,
And raising them aloft, transform to Air.
Much is extracted by the pow'rful Sun,
More does in subterranean Channels run:
In *Earth* it first, excessive Saltness spends;
Then to our Springs, and River heads ascends:

These

These in the fruitful Valleys turn and wind,
And still to new productions are inclin'd.

And next of *Air*; which in its vast extent,
In Changes infinite, each hour, is spent:
For *Air*'s wide Ocean still requiring more,
Fill'd with Effluvioms, should it not restore
The perish'd Shapes, *Time*'s Ruines to repair,
Long since, had all things, been dissolv'd to *Air*.
From others Loss, its being it receives;
To these again its changing Substance leaves:
So true it is, that Nature Ebbs and flows;
And one part perishing, another grows.

The Sun the fountain of the glorious Rays,
Instead of vanish'd Light, new Light displays.
The Brightness of the flying Minute past,
Is now obscur'd, and to new forms does hast.
From hence it comes, that when black Clouds draw (near,
And banish'd Sun-shine, strait does disappear,

Q

The

The Earth's o'er shadow'd, as the Storms are driv'n,
And Rays new darted, are requir'd from Heav'n.
Vision would cease, (so soon would Light expire)
Without Recruits of bright Etherial Fire.
In our inferiour and sulphureous Light,
Of Lamps and Tapers chasing shades of Night,
Continu'd fuel feeds the trembling flame
Which gives the Light, nor is that Light the same
Of Sun, of Moon, of Stars, ne'er think it strange
That they are not secure from final Change.
When what so late did smile, this instant dyes,
And new born Light still shines to Mortal Eyes.
Thus we observe hard Rocks in time decay'd;
The marble Monuments, for Heroes made,
And stately Tow'rs in humble Ruins laid.
Do Gods their Images from *Age* secure?
Or force their Temples always to endure?

Thus

Thus when you see old Rocks from Mountains fall,
 By this conclude their sure Original;
 For were they from Eternity so plac'd,
 No Chance could ruine them, no Time could wast.
 Next raise your eyes to Earth-surrounding *Sphears*,
 From which (say some) springs all that now appears,
 To which at last their vanish'd Parts ascend;
 These as they're form'd to Dissolution tend:
 For all thing must in such proportion cease,
 As they to other Beings give Increase.

But then if no Beginning do's appear,
 Of Heav'n and Earth, but both Eternal were;
 Before the *Theban* War was e're proclaim'd,
 Or fatal Siege of *Troy* by *Homer* fam'd,
 Why did not far more ancient Poets sing
 What Revolutions elder times did bring?
 Such Men, such Acts, how in oblivion drown'd,
 As with immortal Fame might well be crown'd?

No great Antiquity the World has prov'd;

Eternity from this seems far remov'd:

All Arts and Science else, would long ago

Have reach'd Perfection, not now daily grow.

No ancient Sailers, e're like ours did steer :

No such harmonious Musick charm'd the Ear.

This nature of the World, not Ages past

Was brought to Light, retarded for the last.

And these discoveries ordain'd by Fate

To foreign Climes, I with the first translate.

But still if no Beginning you believe,

And say, 'tis easier for us to conceive,

Such Conflagrations from Sulphureous pow'r,

As totally did Humane Race devour :

Or gen'ral Earth-quakes did the World confound,

Or all in mighty Deluges was drown'd;

This force of Argument, you then increase,

That Heav'n and Earth in future time must cease.

For

For when such dreadful Danger threatned All,
Though Nature then escap'd a total Fall,
Grant but the Cause increas'd, and 't will not fail,
As did the less, o'er all things to Prevail.

What shews we cannot endless Life enjoy,
But sence of Ills which others did destroy ?

If you the Worlds Duration would extend
To all Eternity, you must defend,
Its solid Substance is so firmly bound,
No Penetration can it ever wound :
(Minuteſt Atoms, 'tis confess'd are so,
But not the Compound which from these did grow)
Or that 'tis Immaterial you must prove,
And what no forcing *Agent* can remove :
Or else you must all ambient Space deny
To which it may dissolv'd, and ruin'd fly :
(Thus, Universal claims Eternal's place
Because it ne'er can pass t' External space)

But neither is this various Globe so fix'd,
(For much Vacuity is intermix'd)
Nor is it void of Matter, nor can be
From threatning pow'r of Penetration free ;
And Pow'rs unknown, from boundless ambient space,
This present state of Nature may deface :
With dreadful Hurricanes they may invade,
And turn to *Chaos* all that e'er was made ;
Or by some other means, beyond the reach
Of Man's conception, make the fatal breach.
Nor wants there space beyond the Spheres of Heav'n
To which the ruin'd parts may then be driv'n :
When e'er these Elements their Mansions leave,
That vast Abyſs lyes open to receive
From hence to their Beginning you're directed,
What Magick Charms have always so protected.
That when the finite Parts expiring lye,
The whole Eternal *Ages* should defy ?

Then

Then since the World's great Parts at once engage,
And Civil Wars in its Dominions rage,
We may foresee their Strife so long depending,
At last in general Subversion ending.

Rivers and Seas consum'd, fierce Fires may burn
Till all their Ashes meet in Earth's great Urn.

Even now they strive the Victory to gain;
But still the Ocean does the fight maintain,
And swell'd with Rivers, hopes by Forces try'd,
To drown the rest, and sole in Triumph ride.

This to prevent, the swift exhausting Wind,
And radiant Sun 'gainst liquid Force are joyn'd.

Thus equal in appearance, long they mov'd,
Each others Strength in mighty Wars they prov'd.
At last the Fire, 'tis said, did win the Field:
And Earth did once, o'erwhelm'd with Waters, yield.

Long since when *Phaeton*, led by vain Desire,
To drive the Sun's great Chariot did aspire,
'Twas then the World was hazarded by fire.
With head-strong force the winged Horses flew;
O'er Earth and Heav'n, the burning Planet drew.
What then had been the fate of all things here,
If angry *Jove*, the daring Charioteer
Had not dismounted, by swift Lightning's stroke,
And so at once the flaming Progress broke?
Thus *Phaeton* slain was falling to the ground,
And furious Horses dragg'd the Chariot round,
When great *Apollo* reassum'd the Chair;
Restor'd the Sun that rov'd throughout the *Air*;
With dext'rous force reclaim'd his raging Steeds,
And to this hour in annual course proceeds.
Greek Poets thus, the Truth with Lyes confound;
To waking men, like wandering dreams they sound:

But

But though to grace their Morals, they romance,
True fires did then from East to West advance.
Such Magazines of Sulphur Earth contains,
That if some stronger *Agent* not restrains,
The fuel all inflam'd, and raging high,
Will ne're be quenoh'd till all in Ruines lye.
The Water too did, as our *Authors* tell,
In *Ages* past, to such proportion swell,
That spacious Empires wholly were destroy'd:
The Ocean then had Sov'raign right enjoy'd;
But that some greater Being, soon arose,
From inf'nite Space, t' o'ercome th' invading Foes.
Bright Heav'ns then triumph'd o'er the vanquish'd
(show'rs,
And falling Floods, proclaim'd prevailing Pow'rs.

HORACE,

HORACE,

O D E 7th, BOOK 4th.

By an unknown HAND.

WInter's dissolv'd, behold a Worlds new face!
How grafs the ground, how leaves their branches
That Earth which wou'd not to the plough-share
Is softer now and easie to be till'd.
And frozen streams thaw'd by th' approaching Sun,
With whispring murmurs in their channels run:
The naked Nymphs and Graces dance around,
And o'er the flowry meadows nimbly bound.
The Months that run on times immortal wheels,
The Seasons treading on each others heels.

The

The winged hours that swiftly pass away,
And spitefully consume the smiling Day,
Tell us, that all things must with them decay. }

The year rowls round us in a constant ring,
And sultry Summer wafts the milder spring :
Whose hot Meridian quickly overpast,
Declines to *Autumn*, which with bounteous haft
Comes crown'd with Grapes, but suddainly is crost,
Cold Winter nips his Vintage, with a frost!

The Moon renews its Orb to shine more bright ;
But when Deaths hand puts out our mortal light, }
With us alas 'tis ever ever Night!

With *Tullus* and with *Ancus* we shall be,
And the brave Souls of vanish'd *Heroes* see.
Who knows if Gods above, who all things sway,
Will suffer thee to live another day ?
Then please thy Genius, and betimes take care,
To leave but little to thy greedy Heir.

When

When among crouds of Ghosts thou shalt appear,
And from the Judge thy fatal sentence hear,
Not Birth, nor Eloquence, nor Wealth, nor all
That thou canst plead can the past doom recal.
Diana, though a Goddess, cannot take
Her chast *Hippolitus* from *Lethe's* Lake.
Perithous bound in fetters must remain,
Theseus no more can break his adamantine chain.

H O R A C E,

The 2d BOOK, ODE the 10th.

Rectius vives Licini, &c.

WE must all live, and we would all live well,
But how to do it very few can tell;
He sure doth best who a true mean can keep,
Nor boldly fails too far into the deep,

Nor

Nor yet too fearfully creeps near the Land,
 And runs the danger of the Rocks and Sand.
 Who to that happy *medium* can attain,
 "Who neither seeks for nor despises gain,
 "Who neither sinks too low, nor aims too high;
 He shuns th' unwholsom Ills of Poverty;
 And is secure from envy which attends
 A sumptuous Table, and a croud of Friends.
 Their treacherous height doth the tall Pines expose,
 To the rude blasts of every Wind that blows.
 And lofty Towers unfortunately high,
 Are near their ruine as they're near the Sky;
 And when they fall, what was their pride before,
 Serves only then t' increase their fall the more.
 Who wisely governs and directs his mind,
 Never despairs, though fortune be unkind;
 He hopes, and though he finds he hop'd in vain,
 He bears it patiently, and hopes again.

And

And if at last a kinder fate conspires,
To heap upon him more than he desires ;
He then suspects the kindness he enjoys,
Takes it with thanks, but with such care employs,
As if that Fate, weary of giving more,
Would once resume what it bestow'd before.
He finds Man's life, by an Eternal skill,
Is temper'd equally with good and ill.
Fate shapes our Lives, as it divides the Years,
Hopes are our Summer, and our Winter's fears ;
And 'tis by an unerring rule decreed,
That this shall that alternately succeed.
Therefore when Fate's unkind, dear Friend, be wise,
And bear its ills without the least surprise.
The more you are oppress'd bear up the more,
Weather the Tempest till its rage be o're.
But if too prosperous and too strong a gale,
Should rather ruffle than just fill your Sail,

Lessen

Lessen it, and let it take but so much Wind,
As is proportion'd to the course design'd;
"For 'tis the greatest part of humane skill,
"To use good fortune, and to bear our ill.

H O R A C E,

18th Epistle, the 1st BOOK.

Si bene te novi, &c.

Dear Friend, for surely I may call him so,
Who doth so well the Laws of Friendship ^{(know;}
I'm sure you mean the kindness you profess,
And to be lov'd by you's a happiness;
Not like him who with Eloquence and pains,
The specious title of a Friend obtains;

And

And the next day to please some Man of sence,
Breaks jests at his deluded Friends Expence ;
As Jilts who by a quick compendious way,
To gain new Lovers, do the old betray.
There is another failing of the mind,
Equal to this, of a quite different kind,
I mean that rude uncultivated skill,
Which some have got of using all Men ill ;
Out of a zealous and unhewn pretence
Of freedom and a virtuous innocence ;
Who 'cause they cannot fawn, betray nor cheat,
Think they may push and juggle all they meet,
And blame what e're they see, complain, and brawl,
And think their virtues make amends for all.
They neither comb their Head, nor wash their Face,
But think their virtuous nastiness a grace ;
When as true virtue in a *medium* lies,
And that to turn to either Hand's a vice.

Others

Others there are who too obsequious grown,
Live more for others pleasure than their own;
Applauding whatſoe'er they hear or ſee,
By a too nauſeous civility;
And if a Man of Title or Eſtate,
Doth ſome ſtrange ſtory, true or falſe, relate;
Obſequiouſly they cringe and vouch it all,
Repeat his Words, and catch them as they fall;
As School Boys follow what the Maſters ſay,
Or like an Actor prompted in a Play.
Some Men there are ſo full of their own Sence,
They take the leaſt diſpute for an offence.
And if ſome wiſer Friend their heat reſtrains,
And ſays the ſubject is not worth the pains;
Straight they reply, what I have ſaid is true,
And I'll defend it againſt him and you;
And if he ſtill dares ſay 'tis not, I'll dye,
Rather than not maintain he ſay's a lye.

Now, would you see from whence these heats arise,
And where th' important contradiction lies;
'Tis but to know if, when a Client's prest,
S—— or W—— pleads his Cause the best :
Or if to *Windfor* he most minutes gains,
Who goes by *Colebrook*, or who goes by *Stains* ;
Who spends his wealth in Pleasure, and at Play,
And yet affects to be well cloath'd and gay,
And comes to want ; and yet dreads nothing more,
Than to be thought necessitous and poor :
Him his rich Kinsman is afraid to see,
Shuns Like a Burthen to the Family ;
And rails at vices, which have made him poor,
Though he himself perhaps have many more :
Or tells him wisely, Cousin have a care
And your Expences with your Rents compare ;
Since you inherit but a small Estate,
Your pleasures, Cousin, must be moderate.

I know, you think to huff, and live like me,
Cousin, my wealth supports my vanity.
But they, who've Wit and not Estate enough,
Must cut their Coat according to their Stuff;
Therefore forbear t' affect equality,
Forget you've such a foolish Friend as me.
There was a Courtier, who to punish those,
Who, though below him, he believ'd his foes;
And more effectually to vent his rage,
Sent them fine Cloaths and a new Equipage;
For then the foolish Sparks, courageous grown,
Set up for roaring Bullys of the Town;
Must go to Plays, and in the Boxes sit,
Then to a Whore, and live like Men of Wit;
Till at the last, their Coach and Horses spent,
Their cloaths grown dirty, and their Ribbons rent:
Their fortune changed, their appetite the same,
And 'tis too late their Follies to reclaim.

They must turn Porters, or in Taverns wait,
And buy their pleasures at a cheaper rate;
And 'midst their dirty Mistresses and Wives,
Lead out the rest of their mistaken lives.
Never be too inquisitive to find
The hidden secrets of another's mind,
For when you've torn one secret from his Breast,
You run great risque of losing all the rest;
And if he should unimportun'd impart
His secret thoughts, and trust you with his Heart,
Let not your drinking, anger, pride or lust,
Ever invite you to betray the trust.
First never praise your own designs, and then
Ne're lessen the designs of other Men;
Nor when a Friend invites you any where,
To sett a Partridge, or to chase a Hare,
Beg he'd excuse you for this once, and say,
You must go home, and study all the day.

So 'twas that once *Amphion* jealous grown,
That *Zethus* lov'd no pleasure's but his own ;
Was forced to give his Brother's friendship o're,
Or to resolve to touch his Lyre no more ;
He chose the safest and the wisest way,
And to oblige his Brother, left his Play.
Do you the same, and for the self same end,
Obey your civil importuning Friend ;
And when he leads his Dogs into the plain,
Quit your untimely labours of the brain,
And leave your serious Studies, that you may
Sup with an equal pleasure on the prey.
Hunting's an old and honourable sport,
Loved in the Country, and esteem'd at Court ;
Healthful to th' Body, pleasing to the Eye,
And practis'd by our old Nobility :
Who see you love the pleasures they admire,
Will equally approve what you desire ;

Such condescension will more Friendship gain,
Than the best rules, which your wise Books contain.
Talk not of others lives, or have a care
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where;
For you don't only wound the Man you blame,
But all mankind, who will expect the same.
Shun all inquisitive and curious Men,
For what they hear they will relate again;
And he who hath impatient craving Ears,
Hath a loose Tongue to utter all he hears; (fram'd,
And words like th' moving Air of which they're
When once let loose, can never be reclaim'd.
Where you've access to a rich powerful Man,
Govern your mind with all the care you can;
And be not by your foolish lust betray'd,
To court his Cousin, or debauch his Maid;
Lest with a little Portion, and the pride
Of being to the Family ally'd;

He gives you either, with which bounty blest,
You must quit all pretensions to the rest ;
Or lest incens'd at your attempt, and griev'd,
You should abuse the kindness you receiv'd ;
He coldly thwarts your impotent desire,
Till you at last choose rather to retire,
Than tempt his anger any more, and so
Lose a great Patron, and a Mistress too.
Next have a care, what Men you recommend,
To th' service or esteem of your rich Friend ;
Lest for his service or esteem unfit,
They load you with the faults, which they commit.
But as the wisest Men, with all their skill,
May be deceiv'd, and place their Friendship ill :
So when you see you've err'd, you must refuse
To defend those whom their own Crimes accuse.
But if through envy of malicious Men,
They be accus'd, you must protect them then,

And plead their Cause your self, for when you see
Him you commend, attack'd with infamy,
Know that 'tis you they hate, when him they blame;
Him they have wounded, but at you they aim;
And when your Neighbour's House is set on fire,
You must his safety as your own conspire.
Such hidden fires though in the Suburbs cast,
Neglected, may consume the Town at last.
They who do n't know the dangers, which attend
The glittering Court of a rich powerful Friend;
Love no Estate so much, and think they're blest,
When they but make a Leg amongst the rest;
But they who've try'd it, and with prudent care
Do all its honours, and its ills compare,
Fear to engage, least with their time and pain,
They lose more pleasure, than they hoped to gain.
See you, that while your Vessel's under Sail,
You make you best advantage of the Gale;

Least

Least the Wind changes, and some stormy rain
Should throw you back to your first Port again.
You must endeavour to dispose your mind
To please all humours of a different kind;
Whose temper's serious, and their humour sad,
They think all blithe and merry Men are mad;
They who are merry, and whose humour's free,
Abhor a sad and serious gravity;
They who are slow and heavy can't admit,
The Friendship of a quick and ready Wit;
The Slothful hate the busie active Men,
And are detested by the same again.
They who's free humour prompts them to be gay,
To Drink all Night, and Revel all the Day;
Abhor the Man, that can his Cups refuse,
Though his untimely virtue to excuse;
He swears that one such merry drinking Feast,
Would make him sick for a whole Week at least.

Suffer

Suffer no Cloud to dwell upon your Brow,
The modest Men are thought obscure and low;
And they, who an affected silence keep,
Are thought to be too rigid, sower and deep.
Amongst all other things do not omit
To search the Writings of great Men of Wit,
And in the conversation of the Wise,
In what true happiness and pleasure lyes;
Which are the safest rules to live at ease,
And the best way to make all fortunes please,
Lest though the craving hopes of gaining more,
And fear of losing what you gain'd before:
Your poor unsatisfied misguided mind,
To needy wishes, and false joys confin'd;
Puts its free boundless searching thoughts in chains,
And where it sought its pleasure finds its pains;
If virtuous thoughts, and if a prudent Heart
Be given by Nature, or obtain'd by Art.

What

What lessens cares, the mind's uneasy pain,
And reconciles us to our selves again ;
Which doth the truest happiness create,
Unblemish'd Honour, or a great Estate ;
Or a safe private quiet, which betrays
It self to ease, and cheats away the days.
When I am at———where my kind fate
Hath placed my little moderate Estate ;
Where Nature's care hath equally employ'd,
Its inward Treasures, and its outward Pride ;
What thoughts d'ye think those easie Joys inspire ?
What do you think I covet and desire ?
Tis, that I may but undisturb'd possess,
The littl' I have, and if Heav'n pleases, less ;
That I to Nature and my self may give,
The little time that I have left to live ;
Some Books in which I some new thoughts may find,
To entertain, and to refresh my mind ;

Some

Some Horses which may help me to partake
The lawful pleasures which the seasons make ;
An easie plenty, which at least may spare
The frugal pains of a Domestick care ;
A Friend, if that a faithful Friend there be,
Who can love such an idle life, and me ;
Then Heav'n, give me but life and health, I'll find
A grateful Soul, and a contented Mind.

H O R A C E,

Saty. 2. Lib. 1.

By Mr. STAFFORD.

I Was at first, a piece of Figtree wood,
And long an honest Joyner, pondring stood,
Whether

Whether he should employ his shaping Tool,
To make a God of me, or a Jointstool ;
Each knob he weigh'd, on every inch did plod,
And rather chose to turn me to a God :
As a *Priapus* hence I grew ador'd,
The fear of every Thief, and every bird.

The Rascals from their pilfring tricks desist,
And dread each wooden Finger of my fist.
The Reeds stuck in my Cap the Peckers fright,
From our new Orchards far they take their flight, }
And dare not touch a Pippin in my sight.

When any of the rabble did decease,
They brought 'em to this place to stink in peace.
Unnoisom here the snuffs of Rogues went out,
'Twas once a common grave for all the rout.
Loose *Nomentanus* left his riots here,
And lewd *Pantalabus* forgot to jeer.

Nor in these pit-holes might they put a bone,
Cou'd lye beneath a dunghil of its own.

But now the ground for Slaves no more they tear,
Sweet are the Walks, and Vital is the Air :
Myrtle and Orange groves the Eye delight,
Where Sculls and Shanks did mix a ghastly fight.

While here I stand, the Guardian of the Trees,
Not all the Joys are half the grievances,
As are those Hags, who diligent in ill,
Are either poyf'ning or bewitching still.
These I can neither hurt nor terrifie,
But every Night, when once the Moon is high,
They haunt these Allies with their shrieks & groans,
And pick up baneful Herbs and humane Bones.

I saw *Canidia* here, her feet were bare,
Black were her Robes, and loose her flaky Hair ;
With her fierce *Saxana* went stalking round,
Their hideous howlings shook the trembling ground.

A paleness, casting horror round the place,
 Sat dead, and terrible on either's Face.
 Their impious trunks upon the Earth they cast,
 And dug it with their Nails in frantick haste.
 A coleblack Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
 And in the pit they pour'd the reeking gore:
 By this they force the tortur'd Ghosts from Hell,
 And answers to their wild demands compel.

Two Images they brought of Wax, and Wool,
 The Waxen was a little puling fool:
 A chidden Image ready still to skip,
 Whene're the woollen one but snapt his whip.
 On *Hecate* aloud this Beldam calls,
Tisiphone as loud the other bawls.
 A thousand Serpents hiss'd upon the ground,
 And Hell-hounds compass'd all the Gardens round.
 Behind the Tombs to shun the horrid sight,
 The Moon skulk'd down, or out of shame or fright.

May

May every Crow, and Cuckow, if I lye,
 Aim at my Crown as often as they flye :
 And never miss a dabbe tho n'ere so high,
 May Villain *Julius*, and his Rascal crew,
 Use me with just such Ceremony too.

But how much time and patience wou'd it cost,
 To tell the Gabblings of each Hag and Ghost ?
 Or how the Earth the ugly Beldame scrapes,
 And hides the *Beards of Wolves*, and *Teeth of Snakes*.
 While on the Fire the waxen Image fries.

Vext to the Heart to see their Sorceries,
 My Ears torn with their bellowing Sprights, my
 My Figtree Bowels, wambled at the Sluts. (Guts,
 Mad for revenge I gather'd all my Wind,
 And bounc'd like fifty bladders, from behind.

Scar'd with the noise they scudd away to Town,
 While *Sagana's* false hair comes dropping down :

Canidia tumbles o're, for want of breath,
And scatters from her Jaws her set of Teeth;
I almost burst to see their labours crost,
Their Bones, their Herbs, and all their Devils lost.

OVID. *Amorum.*

Lib. 2. El. 4.

That he loves Women of all sorts and sizes.

ALL blots I cannot from my manners wipe,
Nor say I walk uprightly when I slip.
Press'd with my faults I to confession fall,
In pain, and mad till I lay open all.
I sin, and I repent; rub off the score,
And then, like wild, I dip agen for more.
I cannot rule my self, like Pinnace tost
In Storms, the Rudder gone, and Compass lost.

No certain shape or features stint my mind;
I still for love a thousand reasons find.
Here one commends my Verle, in equity
If I please her, she surely pleases me:
But if malicious witty things she said,
I think how she wou'd repartee in bed.
If artless she, my Heart on Nature doats;
If learn'd, I long to be conferring notes.
If no great sense or parts the Damsel show,
Still I conclude she wants it not below.
Do looks demure the inward spark conceal?
She deals by *Great* that can dissemble well.
Or is she Free and forward to engage,
I hate fatigue, I am not for a siege.
The meek and mild my sure affections keep,
Yet love a shrew, because she is no Sheep.
Does she look pale? I fancy whence it came;
Is she a Rose? As sure am I a flame.

That

That living Snow my passion strangely warms,
 And straight I with her melting in mine Arms.
 The tall appears Heroick to the Eye,
 Yet ne're so small she were enough for me.
 If little, then I think how quick she moves,
 If large, who wou'd not roul in what he loves?
 Lean Skeleton my fancy never snubs;
 But is she plump? 'Tis then my pretty fubs.
 And doubtless one may find convenient sport,
 With either fat or lean, or long or short.
 I like the mincing gate; and yet if wide
 She steps, O then I love her for her stride.
 That waddle was a grace in Montefpan,
 These drowfie Eyes are perfect C——
 With yellow curls *Aurora* pleas'd her fop,
 And *Leda* (*Jove* well saw) was black a—top:
 The black or yellow to my mind agree,
 My love will fute with every History.

Widow, or Wife, I'm for a pad that's way'd;
 If Virgin, Oh! who wou'd not love a Maid?
 If she be young, I take her in the nick;
 If she has age, she helps it with a trick.
 If nothing charms me in her wit or face,
 She has her fiddle in some other place.
 Come every fort and size, the great or small,
 My love will find a tally for 'um all.

ELEGY (II.) Lib. 5. De Trist.

*Ovid complains of his three years
 Banishment.*

Condemn'd to *Pontus*, tir'd with endless toil,
 Since Banish'd *Ovid* left his native soil,
 Thrice has the frozen *Ister* stood, and thrice
 The *Euxine* Sea been cover'd o're with Ice.

Ten tedious years of Siege the *Trojans* bore,
But count my sorrow I have suffer'd more:
For me alone old *Chronus* stops his glass,
For years like ages slowly seem to pass:
Long days diminish not my nightly care,
Both Night and Day their equal portion share.
The course of Nature sure is chang'd with me,
And all is endless, as my misery.
Do time and Heav'n their common motion keep,
Or are the Fates, that spin my thred, a-sleep?
In *Euxine Pontus* here I hide my Face,
How good the Name! but oh how bad the place!
The People round about us threaten War,
Who live by spoils, and Thieves or Pyrates are:
No living thing can here protection have,
Nay scarce the dead are quiet in their grave,
For here are Birds as well as Men of prey,
That swiftly snatch unseen the Limbs away.

Darts are flung at us by the neighb'ring foe,
Which oftentimes we gather as we go.
He who dares Plough (but few there are who dare)
Must arm himself as if he went to War.
The Shepherd puts his Helmet on to keep,
Not from the Wolves but Enemies, his Sheep:
While mournfully he tunes his rural Muse,
One Foe the Shepherd and his Sheep pursues.
The Castle which the safest place shou'd be
Within, from cruel tumults is not free.
Oft dire contentions put me in a fright,
The rude Inhabitants with *Græcians* fight.
In one abode amongst a barb'rous rout
I live, but when they please they thrust me out:
My hatred to these Brutes takes from my fear,
For they are like the Beasts whose skins they wear.
Ev'n those who as we think were born in *Greece*,
Wrap themselves up in Rugs and *Persian* Frize;

They

They easily each other understand,
 But I, alas, am forc'd to speak by hand!
 Ev'n to these Men (if I may call 'em so)
 Who neither what is right or reason know
 I a *Barbarian* am; hard fate to see
 When I speak Latine how they laugh at me!
 Perhaps they falsly add to my disgrace,
 Or call me wretched Exile to my Face.
 Besides the cruel Sword 'gainst Natures Laws,
 Cuts off the Innocent without a cause.
 The Market-place by lawless Arms possess'd,
 Has slaughter-houses both for Man and Beast.
 Now, O ye fates, 'tis time to stop my breath,
 And shorten my misfortunes by my death.
 How hard my sentence is to live among
 A cut-throat, barb'rous, and unruly throng;

But to leave you, my Friends, a harder doom,
Though banish'd here, I left my Heart at *Rome*, }
Alas I left it where I cannot come!
To be forbid the City, I confess,
That were but just, my crime deserves no less.
A place so distant from my native Air,
Is more than I deserve, or long can bear.
Why do I mourn? The fate I here attend
Is a less grief than *Cæsar* to offend!

A N
O D E.

Sung before the KING on
New-Years-Day.

A Rise Great Monarch, see the joyful day,
Drest in the glories of the East,
Presumes to interrupt your Sacred rest.
Never did Night more willingly give way,
Or Morn more chearfully appear,
Big with the mighty tidings of a New born Year.

I I.

Blest be that Sun who in times fruitful Womb,
Was to this noble Embassie design'd,

To Head the Golden Troops of days to come,
Nor lag'd ingloriously behind,
Ignobly in the last years Throng to rise and set.
In this 'tis happier far than *May*,
Since to add Years is greater than to give a day.

Chorus.

*Oh may the happy days encrease,
With spoils of War, and wealth of Peace.
Till Time and Age shall swallow'd be,
Lost in vast Eternity.
May Charles ne're quit his sacred Throne,
Himself succeed himself alone.
And to lengthen out his time,
Take, God, from us and give to him.
That so each World a Charles may know,
Father above and Son below.*

III.

Heark the Jocund Sphears renew
Their cheerful and melodious Song,
While the glad Gods are pleas'd to view
The rich and painted throng
Of happy days in their fair order march along.
Move on, ye prosperous hours, move on,
Finish your course so well begun ;
Let no ill Omen dare prophane
Your beautious and harmonious train,
Or Jealoufies or foolish fears disturb you as you run.

IV.

See mighty *Charles*, how all the minutes press,
Each longing which shall first appear,
Since in this renowned year,
Not one but feels a secret happiness,
As big with new events and some unheard success:

See how our troubles vanish, see
 How the tumultuous Tribes agree.
 Propitious Winds bear all our griefs away,
 And Peace clears up the Troubled day.
 Not a wrinkle, not a Scar
 Of faction or dishonest War,
 But Poms and Triumphs deck the Noble *Kalendar*.

Upon the late Ingenious Translation
of PERE SIMON'S Cri-
tical-History, By H. D. Esq;

OF all Heav'n's Judgments that was sure the
 (worst,
 When our bold Fathers were at *Babel* curst:
 Man, to whose race this glorious Orb was giv'n,
 Nature's lov'd Darling, and the Joy of Heav'n,
 Whose

Whose pow'rful voice the subject World obey'd,
And Gods were pleas'd with the discourse he made,
He who before did ev'ry form excel,
Beneath the most ignoble Creature fell:
Ev'ry vile beast thro' the wide Earth can rove,
And, where the sence invites, declare his love:
Sounds Inarticulate move thro' all the race;
And one short Language serves for ev'ry place:
But, such a price did that presumption cost,
That half our lives in trifling words are lost.
Nor can their utmost force and power, express
The Soul's Ideas in their Native dress.
Knowledge, that godlike Orn'ment of the mind,
To the small spot, where it is born's confin'd.
But He, brave Youth, the toylsom Fate repeals,
While his learn'd Pen mysterious Truth reveals.
So did, of old, the cloven Tongues descend;
And Heav'ns Commands to ev'ry Ear extend.

And

And 'twas but just that all th'astonish'd throng
Shou'd understand the *Galileans* Tongue.
Gods sacred Law was for all *Israel* made;
And, in plain terms, to ev'ry Tribe display'd.
On Marble Pillars, his Almighty Hands
In Letters large, writ the divine commands:
But scarce they were so much in pieces broke
When *Moses* wrath the people did provoke,
As has the sacred cowl been torn and rent,
T'explain what the Alwise Dictator meant.
But now, t'our *Egypt* the great Prophet's come;
And Eloquent *Aaron* tells the Joyful doom.
From the worst slavery at last we're free'd,
And shall no more, with stripes from error, bleed;
The learned *Simon* has th' hard task subdu'd;
And holy Tables the third time renew'd.
Sinai be bless'd where was receiv'd the Law,
That ought to keep the Rebel World in aw;

And

And blest'd be He that taught us to invoke
 God's awful Name, as God to *Moses* spoke.
 Nor do's he merit less, who cou'd so well
 From foreign Language his great dictates tell :
 In our cold clime the pregnant Soul lay hid ;
 No virtual pow'r mov'd the prolytick seed,
 Till his kind genial heat preserv'd it warm ;
 And to perfection wrought the noble form.
 Never did yet arrive so vast a store
 Of solid Learning on the *British* shore :
 T'export it thence has been the greatest Trade ;
 But He, at last, a full return has made.
 Raise up, ye tuneful Bards, your voices raise,
 And crown his head with never dying praise :
 And all ye *Nimrods* mighty Sons rejoice,
 While ev'ry Workman knows the builders voice.
 In *Shinar's* plain, the lofty Tow'r may rise,
 Till its vast Head sustain the bending Skies :

In

In its own Nature Truth is so Divine,
No sacred Pow'rs oppose this great design;
So dark a veil obscur'd her rev'rend Head,
The wisest Trav'lers knew not where to tread,
Blind zeal and mad Enthusiasts shew'd the way,
While wandring Meteors led their Eyes astray;
Thro' the dark Maze, without a Clue, they ran;
And, at Best, ended where they first began:
But now at last we're brought so near her Throne,
At the next step the glorious Crown's our own.

Horti

Horte ARLINGTONIANI.

Ad Clarissimum Dominum, *Henricum,*
Comitem *Arlingtoniæ, &c.*

By Mr, *Charles Dryden*

Magnificos propter saltus, & avita Jacobi
Mœnia, quæ faciunt commercia duplicis aulæ,

Ac Ducis ac Divi nomen commune tuetur,

Surgunt coëtilibus succincta palatia muris:

Quæ posita ad Zephyrum, radiis sol igneus aureis,

Illustrat moriente die, nascente salutat.

Eximiam interea molem mirantur euntes,

Vulgusq; Procuresq; : caducos plorat honores

Aulicus, & rerum fastigia lubrica damnat;

Fælicemq; vocat Dominum, cui tempora vitæ

Labuntur variis aulæ inconcussa procellis.

Et quamvis procul haud absint, tum plebis iniquæ

Improba garrulitas, tum clamor & ambitus aulæ,

T

Circum-

*Circumfusa quies, & pax incognita Magnis
Hic placidè regnant ; & verum simplice cultu,
Propositiq; tenax virtus, & pectus honestum.
Namq; ubi prima diem surgens Aurora reducit,
Et matutinæ sudant sub roribus herbæ,
Nulla volans fumante viam rota turbine versat,
Crebra patres sonitu nec verberat ungula glebas :
Hinc procul imbelles persultant pabula Damæ,
Atq; piâ placidos curant dulcedine fætus ;
Inde, lo quax ipas & aquosa cubilia linquens
Fertur Anas, madidis irrorans æthera pennis.*

*Vos O Pierides molli testudine Musæ,
Dicite pulchricomis depictum floribus hortum :
Nullus abest cui dulcis honos, quem mille pererrant
Formosæ Veneres, pharetrâq; Cupido tuetur.
Non illum Alcinoi floreta, aut Thessala Tempe
Exuperant, quanquam hæc qui fingunt omnia, Vates
Mendaci sublime ferant ad sydera cantu.*

Areaq;

*Areaq; in medio est multum spectabilis horto,
 Ordinibus raris palorum obducta, tumentum
 Lætificans oculos ac dona latentia prodens :*

*Nempe hæc per spatia flores transmittit iniqua
 Distinctos variis maculis, & suave rubentes.
 Non illic violæ, neq; candida lilia desunt :
 Parva loquor : quicquid nostro Deus invidet orbi,
 Hic viget, & quicquid tepidi vicinia solis
 Lætior Hesperiiis educit germen in arvis.
 Qualia sæpe inter moriens floreta Cupido
 Conjugis æterno jacuit devinctus amore ;
 Te solam capiens, in Te pulcherrima Psyche
 Arsit, & heu propriis fixit præcordia telis !*

*Nec sine nomine erunt myrteta, nec aurea Poma ;
 Quæ quoniam calido nascuntur plurima cælo
 Et brumas indocta pati nimbosq; ruentes,
 Nec fas hic teneros ramorum effundere sætus :
 Protinus hybernis clauduntur ab æthere tectis*

*Spirantesq; premunt animas, ne poma caduca
Vel glacies lædat, teneras vel frigora myrtos :
Tum verò, æstate, in mediâ, stabula alta relinquant,
Scilicet, & tuas de cortice trudere gemmas,
Inq; novos soles audent se credere, molles
Ut captent Zephyros impune, ac lumen amicum.*

*Nec Te preteream, tenebris quæ dives, opacis
Sylva vires, vento motis peramabilis umbris :
Hic magnus labor ille & inextricabilis error,
Per quem mille viis errantem Thesea duxit,
Ab nimis infælix per fila sequentia virgo !
Securi hic tenero ludunt in gramine amantes ;
Nec reperire viam curant, ubi lumina vesper
Deficiente Die accendit ; sed longius ipsam
Hic secum placidè cupiunt consumere noctem :
Dum super arboreos modulans Luscinia ramos,
Dulce melos iterat, tenerosq; invitat amores.*

*Quinetiam extremo surgit conterminus horto
Mons fœlix, albis quem circum Gessamis ornat
Floribus,*

*Floribus, ac lætas dat prætereuntibus umbras.
Hunc super ascendit turbâ comitante virum Rex
Augustus, procereſque caput supereminet omnes ;
Atque pedem properans graditur, veſtigia volvens
Grandia, nec ſeræ meminit decedere nocti.
Omnibus ante oculos divini ruris imago,
Et ſincera quies operum, rerumque niteſcit
Incorruptus honos, & neſcia fallere vita.*

*Nec non hic ſolus placidi ſuper ardua montis,
Clare Comes, tecum meditaris, mente ſerenâ
Munera Dædaleæ naturæ ; animusque recedit
In loca ſacra, fugitque procul contagia mundi.
Deſpicere unde queas miſeros, paſſimque videre
Mortales, vitæ ſubeuntes mille pericla ;
Continuò inter ſe niti præſtante labore,
Divitiis inhiare & habenas ſumere rerum ;
Deturbare throno Regem, magnasque aliorum
Fortunas ambire, ac nigres fervere curis.*

*Dum Tu, Magne Comes, minimâ sine parte doloris,
Prospicis ex alto viridantes gramine saltus :
Undique confluxam hinc turbam, lautisque crepantes
Sub pedibus cochleas, teneras queis fibula dives
Connectit soleas, gemmis imitantibus ignes :
Inde lacus lustras, puroque canalìa rivo
Lucida, magnificam neque lumen nictat ad aulam.*

*Inter Purpureos, Rezi gratissime Patres,
O Dium, fidumque Caput, venerabile gentis
Præsidium ! O magnos jamdudum exute labores !
Sæpius hic tecum placido spatieris in horto,
Traducens faciles, sed non inglorius annos ;
Et vitam studiis florentem nobilis Ori !
Dum timor omnis abest, curæque incendia luctus,
Nec Tibi vel telis audet fortuna nocere,
Vel struere insidias Canis. Tibi libera transis
Tempora, & accedis tantum non hospes ad aulam.
O felix animi, Quem non ratione relicta,*

Spes elata trahit laudumque arrecta cupido;
Nec miserè insomnes cogunt disperdere noctes !
At secura quies, animæ divina voluptas,
Mitiaeque emeritam solantur fata senectam.
Unica Regali connubio filia stirpi,
Anglia quas habuit pulchris prælata puellis.
Quæ p̄scis meliora Deos ? quæ pondere vasto
Corruit usta domus, flammæ secura minacis
Ecce stat, è tantis major meliorque ruinis !

Scilicet hanc rerum alma Pater, ut vidit ab alta
Nube Verus ; circum divini colla Mariti
Fusa super, roseoque arridens suaviter ore,
Sic Divum alloquitur : Nostros delectat ocellos
Pulchra domus, sævis olim consumpta favillis :
En hujus (si fata sinant) celebrabitur Hæres
Herois divina, & me dignissima cura !
Pallas & hoc postit ; (proprio favet illa Ministro,)
Qui Divam colit, ac similes assurgit ad artes.

*Vincitur illecebris Deus ; & jubet omine læto
Stare diu, longosque domum superesse per annos.*

A New SONG.

By Mr. D R I D E N.

Sylvia the fair, in the bloom of Fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth, as she lay on the green;
She had heard of a pleasure, and something she guest
By the towzing & tumbling & touching her Breast;
She saw the men eager, but was at a loss
What they meant by their sighing, & kissing so close;
By their praying and whining
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing
And sighing and kissing
And sighing and kissing so close.

Ah

II.

Ah she cry'd, ah for a languishing Maid
In a Country of Christians to die without aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Priest,
To instruct a young Virgin, that is at a loss
What they meant by their fighting, & kissing so close!

By their praying and whining
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing
And sighing and kissing so close.

III.

Cupid in Shape of a Swayn did appear,
He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near,

Then

Then shew'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
 For the pain was no more than a Maiden may bear;
 When the balm was infus'd she was not at a loss,
 What they meant by their fighting & kissing so close;

By their praying and whining,

And clasping and twining,

And panting and wishing,

And fighting and kissing,

And fighting and kissing so close.

SONG

S O N G.

B Y

Mr. D R Y D E N.

GO tell *Amynta*, gentle Swain,
I wou'd not die, nor dare complain,
Thy tuneful Voice with numbers joyn,
Thy words will more prevail than mine;
To Souls oppress'd and dumb with grief,
The Gods ordain this kind relief;
That Musick shou'd in sounds convey,
What dying Lovers dare not say.

II.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live.

Tell

Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,

And love with love is only paid.

Tell her my pains so fast encrease,

That soon they will be past redress;

But ah! the Wretch that speechless lyes,

Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

On the Death of
Mr. Oldham.

ON the Remains of an old blasted Oak,
Unmindful of himself, *Menalcas* lean'd;

He sought not now in heat the shade of Trees,

But shun'd the flowing Rivers pleasing Bank.

His Pipe, and Hook lay scatter'd on the Grass,

Nor

Nor fed his Sheep together on the Plain,
Left to themselves they wander'd out at large.
In this lamenting state young *Corydon*
(His friend and dear Companion of his hour)
Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cause.

Corydon.

Thee have I sought in every shady Grove,
By purling Streams, and in each private place
Where we have us'd to sit and talk of Love.
Why do I find thee leaning on an Oak,
By Lightning blasted, and by Thunder rent?
What cursed chance has turn'd thy chearful mind,
And why wilt thou have woes unknown to me?
But I would comfort, and not chide my Friend,
Tell me thy grief, and let me bear a part.

Menalcas.

Menalcas.

Young *Astrophel* is dead, Dear *Astrophel*,
 He that cou'd tune so well his charming Pipe,
 To hear whose Lays, Nymphs left their crystal spring,
 The Fawns, and Dryades forsook the Woods,
 And hearing, all were ravish'd—swiftest streams
 With-held their course to hear the Heav'nly sound,
 And murmur'd, when by following Waves prest on,
 The following Waves forcing their way to hear.
 Oft the fierce Wolf pursuing of the Lamb,
 Hungry and wildly certain of his Prey,
 Left the pursuit rather than lose the sound
 Of his alluring Pipe. The harmless Lamb
 Forgot his Nature, and forsook his Fear,
 Stood by the Wolf, and listned to the sound.

(obey.
 He cou'd command a general peace, & nature wou'd
 This Youth, this Youth is dead, the same disease

That

That carry'd sweet *Orinda* from the World,
Seiz'd upon *Astrophel*—Oh let these Tears
Be offer'd to the Memory of my Friend,
And let my Speech give way a while to Sighs.

Corydon.

Weep on, *Menalchas*, for his Fate requires
The Tears of all Mankind, General the loss
And General be the Grief. Except by Fame
I knew him not, but surely this is he.

Spencer and Jonson.

Who Sung Learn'd *Colin's*, and great *Ægon's* Praise,
Dead e're he liv'd, yet have new Life from him.

Rochester.

Did he not mourn lamented *Byon's* Death,
In Verses equal to what *Byon* wrote?

Menalchas.

Menalcas.

Yes this was he (oh that I say he was)
He that cou'd sing the Shepherds deeds so well,
Whether to praise the good he turn'd his Pen,
Or lash'd th' egregious follies of the bad,
In both he did excell——
His happy Genius bid him take the Pen,
And dictat'd more fast than he cou'd write:
Sometimes becoming negligence adorn'd
His Verse, and nature shew'd they were her own,
Yet Art he us'd, where Art cou'd useful be,
But sweated not to be correctly dull.

Corydon.

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer thread,
Adding experience to that wondrous fraught
Of Youthful vigour, how wou'd he have wrote!

Mr.

Mr. Dryden.

Equal to mighty *Pan*'s Immortal Verse,
He that now rules with undisputed sway,
Guide of our Pens, Crown'd with eternal Bays.

Menalcas.

We wish for Life, not thinking of its Cares;
I mourn His Death, the loss of such a Friend,
But for himself he dy'd in the best hour,
And carry'd with him every Man's applause.
Youth meets not with detractions blotting hand,
Nor suffers ought from Envy's canker'd mind.
Had he known Age, he wou'd have seen the World
Put on its ugliest, but its truest Face,
Malice had watch'd the droppings of his Pen,
And Ignorant Youths who wou'd for Criticks pass,
Had thrown their scornful Jests upon his Verse,
And censur'd what they did not understand.

U

Such

Such was not my Dear *Astrophel*: He's dead,
And I shall quickly follow him, what's Death,
But an eternal sleep without a Dream?
Wrapt in a lasting darkness, and exempt
From hope and fear, and every idle passion.

Corydon.

See thy complaints have mov'd the pitying Skies,
They mourn the death of *Astrophel* in Tears.
Thy Sheep return'd from straying, round they gaze,
And wonder at thy mourning. Drive 'em home,
And tempt thy troubled mind with easing sleep,
To morrows chearful Light may give thee comfort.

On

On the
Kings-House
Now Building at
WINCHESTER.

AS soon as mild *Augustus* cou'd assuage
A bloody civil Wars licentious Rage,
He made the Blessing that He gave increase,
By teaching *Rome* the softer Arts of Peace.
The Sacred Temples wanting due repair,
Had first their Wounds heal'd with a Pious care,

Nor ceas'd his Labour, till proud *Rome* out-vy'd
In glory all the subject World beside.

Thus *Charles* in Peace returning to our Isle,
With Building did his regal cares beguile.

London almost consum'd, but to a Name,
He rescues from the fierce devouring Flame ;
Its Hostile Rage the burning Town enjoy'd,
For he restor'd as fast as that destroy'd :

'Twas quickly burnt, and quickly built again,
The double Wonder of his Halcyon Reign.

Of *Windfor* Castle (his belov'd Retreat
From this vast City troublesomly great,)

'Twas *Denham* * only with success cou'd write,
The Nation's Glory and the King's Delight.

On *Winchester* my Muse her Song bestows,
She that small Tribute to her Country owes.

* In his *Coopers Hill*.

To *Winchester* let *Charles* be ever kind,
The youngest Labour of his fertile mind.
Here ancient Kings the *Brittish* Scepter sway'd,
And all Kings since have always been obey'd.
Rebellion here cou'd ne're erect a Throne,
For *Charles* that blessing was reserv'd alone.
Let not the stately Fabrick you decree,
An immature, abortive Pallace be,
But may it grow the Mistress of your Heart,
And the full Heir of *Wren's* stupendous Art.
The happy spot on which its Sovereign dwells,
With a just pride above the Citty swells,
That like a Loyal Subject chose to ly
Beneath his Feet with humble modesty.
Fast by a Reverend Church extends its Wings,
And pays due homage to the best of Kings.
Nature, like Law, a Monarch will create
He's scituated Head of Church, and State.

The graceful Temple that delights his Eye,
(Luxurious toil of former Piety)
Has vanquish'd envious time's devouring rage,
And, like Religion, stronger grows by Age.
It stems the Torrent of the flowing years,
Yet gay as Youth the Sacred Pile appears.
Of its great Rise we no Records have known,
It has out-liv'd all mem'ry but its own.
The Monumental Marbles us assure,
It gave the *Danish* Monarks Sepulture.
Here Death himself inthrones the Crowned Head,
For every Tomb's a Palace to the Dead.
But now my Muse, nay rather all the Nine,
In a full Chorus of applauses joyn,
Of your great *Wiccam*,
Wiccam whose name can mighty thoughts infuse,
But naught can ease the travel of my Muse,
Press'd with her Load, her feeble strength decays,
And she's deliver'd of abortive praise. Here

Here he for Youth erects a Nursery *
 The great Coheirefs of his Piety ; (ledge trace,
 Where they through various Tongues coy know-
 This is the Barrier of their learned Race,
 From which they start, and all along the way }
 They to their God, and for their Sovereign pray, }
 And from their Infancies are taught t'obey.
 Oh! may they never vex the quiet Nation,
 And turn Apostates to their Education.
 When with these objects *Charles* has fill'd his sight,
 Still fresh provoke his seeing Appetite.
 A healthy Country opening to his view,
 The chearful Pleasures of his Eyes renew.
 On neighbouring Plains the Coursers wing'd with (speed,
 Contend for Plate the glorious Victor's Meed.
 Over the course they rather fly than run,
 In a wide Circle like the radiant Sun.

* *The Coll. near Winchester, and new Coll. in Oxon.*

Then fresh delights they for their Prince prepare,
And Hawks (the swift-wing'd Coursers of the Air,)
The trembling Bird with fatal hast pursue,
And seize the Quarry in their Masters view.
Till like my Muse, tir'd with the Game they've
found,
They stoop for ease, and pitch upon the Ground.

THE

THE
EPISODE

Of the Death of

CAMILLA

Translated out of the Eleventh Book

of *Virgils Æneids*;

By Mr. STAFFORD.

ON Death and wounds *Camilla* looks with
joy,

Free'd from a Breast, the fiercer to destroy,

Now, thick as hail, her fatal darts she flings;

The two edg'd Ax now on their Helmets rings.

Her

Her shoulders bore *Diana's* arms and bow :
And if, too strongly prest, she fled before a foe,
Her shafts, revers'd, did death and horror bear,
And found the rash ; who durst pursue the fair.
Near her fierce *Tulla*, and *Tarpeia* ride,
And bold *Larina* conquering by her side.
These above all *Camilla's* breast did share ;
For Faith in peace, and gallantry in War.
Such were the *Thracian*, *Amazonian* bands,
When first they dy'd with blood *Thermodoons* sands.
Such Troops *Hippolita* her self did head,
And such the bold *Penthesilea* led,
When Female shouts alarm'd the trembling fields,
And glaring beams shot bright, from Maiden shields.

Who, gallant Virgin, who by thee were slain ?
What gasping numbers strew'd upon the Plain ?

Thy

Thy Spear first through *Eumenius* passage found;
Whole torrents gush'd out of his mouth and wound;
With gnashing Teeth, in pangs, the Earth he tore,
And rowl'd himself, half delug'd, in his gore.

Then hapless *Pagafus*, and *Lyrus* bleed :
The latter reining up his fainting Steed ;
The first as to his aid he stretch'd his hand,
Both at an instant, headlong, struck the sand.
Her Arm *Amastrus* next, and *Tereas* feel,
Then follows *Chromis* with her lifted Steel.
Of all her Quiver not a shaft was lost,
But each attended by a *Trojan* Ghost.
Strong *Orphitus*, (in Arms unknown before,)
In Battel, an *Apulian* courser bore.
His brawny back wrapt in a Bullocks skin,
Upon his head a Wolf did fiercely grin,

Above the rest his mighty Shoulders show,
And he looks down upon the Troops below :
Him (and 'twas easie, while his fellows fled)
She struck along, and thus she triumph'd while he
bled.

Some Coward Game thou didst believe to chace,
But, Hunter, see a woman stops thy race.
Yet to requireing Ghosts this Glory bear,
Thy Soul was yielded to *Camilla's* Spear.

The mighty *Butes* next receives her lance,
(While breast to breast the Combatants advance,)
Clanging between his armours joynts it rung
While on his Arm his useles Target hung.

Then from *Orfilochus*, in Circle runs,
And follows the pursuer, while she shuns.

For still with craft a narrow ring she wheels,
And brings her self up to the Chafers heels.
Her Ax regardless of his Prayers and groans,
She crashes thro' his Armour, and his bones.
Redoubled strokes the vanquish'd Foe sustains,
His reeking face bespatterd with his brains.

Chance brought unhappy *Aunus* to the place:
Who stopping short, star'd wildly in her face.
Of all to whom *Liguria* fraud imparts,
While fate allow'd that fraud, he was of subtlest
Arts;

Who, when he saw he cou'd not shun the Fight,
Strives to avoid the Virgin, by his flight.
And crys aloud what courage can you shew,
By cunning horsemanship, to cheat a foe?
Forego your horse and strive not to betray,
But dare to combat a more equal way.

'Tis

'Tis thus we see who merits glory best,
So brav'd, fierce indignation fires her breast,
Dismounted from her horse, in open field,
Now, first she draws her Sword, and lifts her Shield.
He, thinking that his cunning did succeed,
Reins round his Horse, and urges all his speed,
His golden rowel's hidden in his sides :
When thus his useless fraud the Maid derides :
Poor Wretch, that swell'd with a deluding pride,
In vain thy Country's little *Arts* are try'd.
No more the Coward shall behold his Sire,
Then plies her feet, quick as the nimble fire,
And up before his horse's head she strains ;
When, seizing, with a furious hand, his reins, }
She wreaks her fury on his spouting veins. }
So, from a Rock, a Hawk soars high above,
And in a Cloud with ease o'ertakes a Dove.

His

His pounces so the grappled foe assail ;
And blood and feathers mingle in a hail.

Now *Jove*, to whom mankind is still in fight,
With more than usual care beholds the fight.
And urging *Tarchon* on, to rage inspires
The furious deeds to which his blood he fires.
He spurs through slaughter, and his failing Troops,
And with his voice lifts every arm that droops.
He shouts his name in every Souldiers ears :
Reviling thus the spirits, which he Cheers.

Ye sham'd, and ever branded *Tyrrhene* Race,
From whence this terrour, and your Souls so base ?
When tender Virgins triumph in the field,
Let every brawny arm, let fall his shield,
And break the Coward-sword he dare not weild.

Not thus you flie the daring she by night ;

Nor Goblets, that your drunken throats invite.

This is your choice, when with lewd Bacchanals,

Y're call'd by the fat Sacrifice, it waits not when

Thus having said,—— (it calls:

He spurs, with headlong rage, among his Foes,

As if he only had his life to lose.

And meeting *Venulus* his arms he clasps ;

The armour dints beneath the furious grasps.

High from his Horse the sprawling Foe he rears,

And thwart his Coursers neck the prize he bears.

The *Trojans* shout, the *Latines* turn their eyes ;

While swift as lightning airy *Tarchon* flies.

Who breaks his lance, and views his armour round

To find where he might fix the deadly wound ;

The Foe writhes doubling backward on the horse,

And to defend his throat opposes force to force.

As when an Eagle high his course does take,
 And in his gripeing tallons, bears a Snake,
 A thousand folds the Serpent casts and high (skie,
 Setting his speckled Scales, goes whistling thro' the
 The fearless Bird, but deeper goars his prey,
 And thro' the Clouds he cuts his airy way,
 So from the midst of all his enemies,
 Triumphant *Tarchon* snatch'd and bore his prize:
 The Troops, that shrunk, with emulation, press
 To reach his danger now, to reach at his success,

Then *Aruns* doom'd, in spite of all his art,
 Surrounds the nimble Virgin with his dart.
 And, slyly watching for his time, would try
 To joyn his safety with his treachery.
 Where e're her rage the bold *Camilla* sends,
 Their creeping *Aruns* silently attends,

When tir'd with conquering, she retires from fight,
He steals about his Horse, and keeps her in his sight.
In all her rounds from him she cannot part,
Who shakes his treacherous, but inevitable Dart.

Chlorens, the Priest of *Cybele*, did glare
In *Phrygian* Arms remarkable afar.
A foaming Steed he rode, whose hanches case,
Like Feathers, Scales of mingled Gold and Brass.
He clad in forreign Purple, gaul'd the Foe
With *Cretan* Arrows from a *Lycian* bow.
Gold was that bow, and Gold his Helmet too :
Gay were his upper Robes, which losely flew.
Each Limb was cover'd o're with something rare,
And as he fought he glister'd every where.

Or that the Temple might the Trophies hold,
Or else to shine her self in *Trojan* Gold :

Him

Him the fierce Maid pursues thro' all her Foes ;
Regardless of the life she did expose :
Him eyes alone, to other dangers blind, (mind.
And Manly force employs, to please a Virgins

His Dart now *Aruns*, from his ambush throws ;
And thus to Heav'n he sends his coward Vows.

Apollo, oh thou greatest Deity !
Patron of blest *Soractis*, and of me ;
(For we are all thy own, whole Woods of pine
We heap in Piles, which to thy Glory shine.
And when we trample on the fire, our soles,
By thee preserv'd, condemn the glowing coals ;)
My mighty Patron make me wipe away
The shame of this dishonourable day.
Nor spoils nor triumph from the deed I claim
But trust my future Actions with my fame.

This raging Female Plague but overcome,
Let me return unthank'd, inglorious home.

Apollo heard, to half his Pray'r inclin'd :
The rest he mingles with the fleeting wind.
He gives *Camilla's* ruin to his Pray'r :
To see his Country, that was lost in Air.
As singing o're the field, the Javelin flies,
Upon the *Queen* the Army turn their eyes.
But she, intent upon her golden prey,
Nor minds, nor hears it cut the hissing way,
Till in her side it takes its deadly rest :
And drinks the Virgin purple of her breast.
The trembling *Amazons* run to her aid,
And in their Arms they catch the falling Maid.
More quick than they the frightened *Arun's* flies,
And feels a Terror mingled with his joys.

He trusts no more his safety to his Spear ;
Ev'n her expiring courage gives him fear.

So runs a Wolf smear'd with some Shepherds
blood,
And strives to gain the shelter of a Wood,
Before the Darts his panting sides assail,
And claps between his Leggs his shivering Tail,
Conscious of the audacious bloody deed,
As *Aruns* seeks his Troops stretch'd on his speed,
Where in their Centre, quaking, he attends,
And skulks behind the Targets of his Friends.

She strives to draw the Dart but wedg'd among
Her Ribs, deep to the wound the Weapon clung ;
Then fainting rouses in death her closing eyes,
While from her Cheeks the chearful beauty flies.

To *Acca* thus she breaths her last of breath :

Acca that shar'd with her in all, but death :

Ah Friend ! you once have seen me draw the bow,

But fate and darkness hover round me now.

Make haste to *Turnus*, bid him bring with speed

His fresh Reserves, and to my charge succeed,

Cover the City, and repel the Foe.

Thus having said, her hands the reins forego ;

Down from her Horse she sinks, then gasping lies,

In a cold sweat, and by degrees she dyes :

Her drooping neck declines upon her breast,

Her swimming head with slumber is oppress'd ;

The lingring soul th' unwelcom doom receives,

And mur'mring with disdain, the beauteous Body

leaves.

F T N I S.

